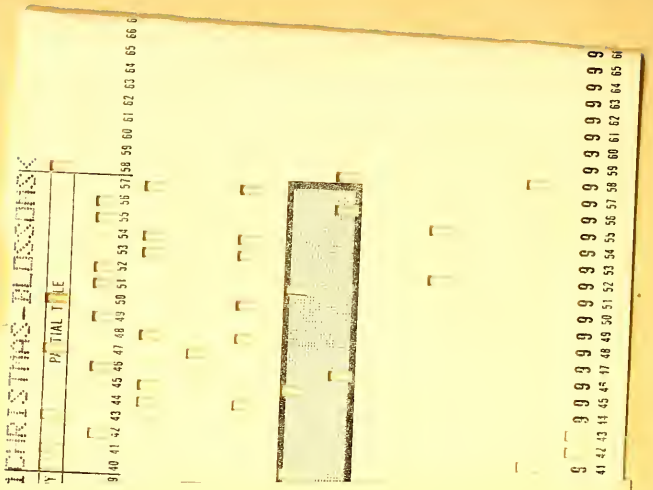

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CHRISTMAS BLOSSOMS,

AND

NEW YEAR'S WREATH,

FOR 1848.

BY UNCLE THOMAS.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY PHILLIPS & SAMPSON.
1848.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1847,
By E. H. Butler,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Uncle Thomas presents the compliments of the season to his little readers once more, and offers them another volume of the "Blossoms" which he raises in his garden and green-house, to bloom at Christmas and New Year, when other plants are dead, and the ground is all covered with snow. They are like the affection which your old acquaintance bears for you and all that are good and innocent. The snow is on his head, for it is growing gray, and the wind howls at the window as he sits in his easy chair, but the flowers of affection are still bright in his heart, and he hopes to visit you again, many times, before he goes to sleep.

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CHRISTMAS BLOSSOMS.

MY DOG DASH.

FIRST VISIT FROM UNCLE THOMAS.

"Oh, Ma!" said little Emily to her mother, one summer morning, as she shook back her yellow locks, while her dark eyes twinkled brightly with anticipated pleasure; "here comes Uncle Thomas, again!"

And away she bounded from the eastern window of the drawing-room, looking out over the rich shrubs and the green grass of her father's park. Away she bounded, and throwing herself into her mother's lap, as the lady reclined in an undress upon the chintz covering of the damask sofa, looked up into her eyes, kissed her, clapped her hands, and exclaimed, "Oh! how glad I am!"

"And who is Uncle Thomas, my dear?" said the smiling mother.

"La, Ma! Don't you know Uncle Thomas? Why when I went to school in the city, last winter, he came to see us almost every week, and whenever he came, the girls were so delighted! Our teacher would say, 'Now, children, you may lay by your books for a while, for here comes Uncle Thomas, with his stories!' And then didn't we laugh and clap our hands, 'till the good old man had laid his hat on the teacher's desk, and put his cane in the corner, and sat down by Mrs. ——? I guess we did, mother! and then we would stop laughing, and say 'Hush! hush!' and be as still as the little white mice the boy brought here to show us, the other day. And then Uncle Thomas would begin and tell us, oh! so many strange things! and——"

"But, my child," said the mother, "is it possible that your teacher would permit a stranger, not connected with the establishment, to be on such familiar terms with her pupils, when so many of them are almost women grown? However, I suppose that Uncle Thomas is advanced in years, and as

ugly and as gray as a hermit! I thought that Mrs. —— was a person too discreet to permit such close familiarity with her interesting charge." And the lady fell into a fit of abstraction.

Poor little Emily slid down from her mother's lap, and standing with her eyes bent on the ground and her forefinger between her parted lips, seemed very much puzzled. Presently, with a look somewhere between a pout and a frown, she said:

"Mother, I don't know the meaning of all the long words that you speak to me. They sound like some of the lessons that Mrs. —— makes the large girls learn just before examination day; but I love Uncle Thomas very much. He never uses long words, and if he *is gray*, he is *not ugly*. I love to sit on his lap and hear him talk. He looks so kind, almost as kind as Papa does, when I am going to bed and run to bid him good night. I have loved him ever since I heard that he wrote the dear little picture book, that I won as a prize for New Year's day; for, if it had not been for thinking about some of the things he told us, I don't believe that I could have answered all the questions that the people

asked me at the examination, there were so many of them that I never read about in our books."

The mother raised her eyebrows with a little surprise at these remarks, for she knew that Mrs. —— employed no male teachers. "And pray what does Uncle Thomas talk about?" said she.

"Oh! he tells us about the sea, and the islands, and the birds, and the fishes; and how the coral builds up islands in the sea; and how shells live in houses, that they build up themselves, and then carry them on their backs. Then, he tells us all about how they gather cocoa-nuts by teasing the monkeys, and making them throw the nuts down when the people cannot climb the trees to get them; and he tells how the jackalls come into the houses, all made of bamboos, in the East Indies, where it is summer all the year round; and how they sometimes carry away little boys and girls, and eat them up in the woods. And he tells about elephants and monstrous big snakes, and lizards almost as bright as the rainbow, that live where the people are copper-coloured and the men have no beards, and where they all go to breakfast in the morning just when

we go to bed at night; and—and—: why, mother, he tells about every thing! And it's all true too; for he says he has seen it all himself. But hark! Here he comes with Mrs. ——. Don't you hear the carriage?"

The mother started from her couch, for the sound of wheels struck upon her ear as they grated upon the gravel of the serpentine road that wound about the lawn and grounds, for more than half a mile, without being anywhere more than a hundred yards from the house.

Hurrying to the window she saw a plain old-fashioned chair, with wooden elbow-springs, drawn by an old gray horse, slowly approaching the steps of the hall. In it sat Mrs. ——, the preceptor of little Lucy during the preceding winter, evidently coming, as Lucy's mother had frequently invited her to do, to spend part of the vacation in the country; for this estimable woman was highly admired for her manners as well as her talents, and the parents of her scholars loved her as well as the scholars themselves, which is saying a great deal! But what most surprised the mother was the ap-

pearance of a white-headed and noble-looking man, seated by the side of Mrs. ——. Age, though it had not bowed his well-formed figure, had armed him with an ivory-headed cane. Many a wrinkle furrowed his forehead, or played about the corners of his large, dark, gray eyes, that seemed to see and measure everything, without looking at anything in particular. There was great dignity in his countenance, and no one would be likely to take liberties or trifle with such a man, though his hat and coat were very old-fashioned, and his dress rather carelessly put on. There was something about him that inspired awe, when he was serious, and even a stranger would perceive that if he were to speak with authority, few common-place people would be likely to dispute his will. Yet there was vast benevolence in the expression of his mouth, and his quiet, thinking eye seemed always ready to wake up for a laugh, or a frolic, or a dance, whenever innocent merriment was proper to the hour and place.

This fine old gentleman was no stranger to the mother of little Emily; but she had never seen him

except in public, or at parties in high life, when there were a great many people in the room; and then he was so formal, though very polite, and was known to be so very learned, that she felt afraid of him, as almost every body seemed to be. Now it happened that Emily's father belonged to the same society with this man, and they were well acquainted, because they were used to meet together almost every week, in a great building where the rooms were full of stuffed animals and birds, and beautiful shells, with whole cart-loads of great rough stones, and little pebbles, some dull and some bright. Often when people from the country, or from other cities, came into town, their friends would take them to see these rooms; and there some of these strangers would stand, and wonder what on earth could make folks spend their money in gathering so much trash together inside of a house. However, they generally supposed that the shells and birds were kept for their beauty, and that the rough stones must be full of gold, or that they had diamonds inside of them.

Emily's mother knew better than this; for often, after her husband had been sitting all the evening

with the old gentleman, in the rooms filled with such queer things, he would come home, and keep her sitting up half the night, telling her how they had been pounding up pieces of these rocks and pebbles, putting them into the fire, or soaking them in glasses filled with something sourer than vinegar, to find out what they were made of. Then again he would tell her how long they had been looking through small rounded bits of glass, till their eyes were almost put out, to find whether some little bug or fly, stuck upon a pin, had sixteen or seventeen joints to its *feelers*, (that is, the long horns with which ants and grasshoppers talk to each other, and tell each other where Betsey has forgot to cover the sugar bowl, or where there is the freshest and richest grass, growing in little bright green rings in the meadow.)

Now if any body had told Emily that such nonsense had kept her mother awake many a night till two or three o'clock in the morning, and if the speaker had not been her own dear father, she would have wondered how her mother ever came to marry such a man. One would think that such conversa-

tion would be more likely to put people to sleep, than to keep them awake!

But Emily's mother knew better, for she stayed and listened, and she learned that when he found out what the rocks, and stones, and pebbles were made of, the queer old gentleman could tell "pretty much" where they came from; and whether there was any stone fit for building houses on the plantation where they came from; and what was the nature of the soil above them; and what kind of manure it would be most likely to want to fit it for raising oats, or wheat, or Indian corn, which ought to be called maize, because oats and wheat are corn, as well as maize, in good, pure English. She had found out that her husband's tenants had paid him a higher rent, and that she had bought a beautiful new cashmere shawl out of the profits her husband had made on his estate, by means of the knowledge the queer old gentleman had taught him with his burnt pebbles and his bottles of sour stuff. Then he told her, too, all about the formation of the world, and how the mountains came to be mountains, all by means of the knowledge he gained from the cart-

loads of useless-looking stones in the great building. Nor were the facts which he gained from the little rounded pieces of glass at all less important or interesting. By means of these glasses, which are called microscopes, the queer old gentleman had found out the history of a little fly that lays its eggs in the stalks of wheat, giving birth to a small worm that destroys the grain, and in some seasons has been known to reduce whole states and provinces almost to starvation. He had even discovered how the ravages of this insect might probably be prevented, and thus he was likely to preserve the food of thousands of little boys and girls, and their poor fathers and mothers.

But now I am running away from my story, instead of going on with it: so let us try to come back to the place where we broke off. Let me see! Yes; I was just telling that Emily's mother ran to the window and saw the queer old gentleman in the chair.

"Good gracious!" said she; "there's Mr. Wilson the great philosopher; and I here in my dishabille at almost eleven o'clock in the morning! What

will he think of me? And then for him, with all his reputation, to be riding into the country with my daughter's school-mistress. I wonder she would consent to make herself so conspicuous. But come, Emily, it will never do to be caught in this trim, at such an hour, and by such a man. I must hurry up to my toilet; come along, child, come along!"

"No, Ma! I am dressed already, and I'll stay and talk to Uncle Thomas," replied the child; but just then there was a loud knock at the hall door. A beautiful setter dog, that had been dozing under the sofa, sprang forth, made a half circuit of the room, leaped fairly over Emily's head, and ran barking towards the entrance.

The mother seized the little girl by the hand, and walked rapidly towards the stairs, just as the servant hurried past them on his way to admit the strangers; but before they had turned the first landing, the door was thrown open, and with a benignant smile upon his countenance, Mr. Wilson occupied the centre of the passage, with Mrs. —— peeping over his left shoulder.

"Emily, my dear," said the clear, silver voice of

the latter; "here is Uncle Thomas, who has come all the way from Philadelphia on purpose to see you."

The mother hurried up stairs, with a deep blush on her cheek, partly because of the disorder of her dress, and partly because she thought it exceedingly rude in a mere schoolmistress to speak so freely when in the presence of so great a man as Mr. Wilson. Fashionable people often think, (and Emily's mother was fashionable, so she thought so too,) that women who wear silks or satins, and costly scarfs, sitting still, and doing nothing all day, are esteemed of much more consequence to great men, than are those who wear plain chintz, and cover it on a cool morning with a humble blanket shawl, while they make themselves useful by working from breakfast till bed-time, doing good all the while. But little Emily did not believe any such thing, and she was too young to care much about what other people said of her doings, when she knew that she did nothing wrong; so she slipped her tiny hand away from her mother, and ran down to meet the old gentleman, crying out—

"Oh! Uncle Thomas, I'm *so* glad to see you! And mother would have it that you were Mr. Wilson the philosopher; but I knew better, for I knew you when you were away off, ever so far, over the lawn."

So she flung herself into the old man's arms, and as he lifted her up, to give her a kiss, who do you think put his nose over her shoulder, close to Uncle Thomas's face, and returned the compliment before she had time to do so? Why it was Dash, the saucy setter-dog!

Dash loved Emily very much; so he felt bound to love everything that Emily loved, just for her sake, and when he saw a stranger taking such kind notice of his favourite, what did he do but rear up on his hind legs, put his great paws right on Uncle Thomas's shoulders, and stretching his long snout over his young mistress's yellow curls, gave a good, honest wipe of his rough tongue across his cheek! then drawing back his head about an inch, before Uncle Thomas could raise a handkerchief to his face, the impertinent puppy uttered a short, low whow! and springing away, began to run round

and round after his tail, as if he were crazy with joy.

"Will you walk into the drawing-room, if you please," said the servant, "Mrs. —— will be down in a few minutes."

So little Emily having been again placed on the floor, with her hand still held in that of the stranger, her preceptor led the way to the parlour.

When the elder people had seated themselves, Emily being lifted to the knee of the queer old gentleman, her preceptor inquired:

"These rooms are beautifully arranged for comfort during the warm season; do you not think so, Mr. Wilson?"

The child immediately slid from the lap of the person addressed, and standing in a half defensive attitude, with Dash by her side, (for the dog seemed to know all his young mistress's thoughts,) she looked up with a ludicrous expression of doubt and suspicion, as she said,

"Are you Mr. Wilson, the philosopher, or are you Uncle Thomas? I don't see how you can have two names." And here Dash gave a low growl, as

much as to say, "Answer that, will you? Let us know who you are, before we make so free with you."

The old gentleman answered with a smile, "My real name is Wilson, my child; and lazy people, who seldom read or observe, and never take time to think, finding that I have done something in all these lines, though not half as much as I should have done, sometimes call me a philosopher, though most of them have had opportunities for knowing more than I do, if they had only improved their chances. But I love little children, Emily, and little children generally love me; so, as the name of Mr. Wilson is apt to frighten them, as it does their mothers too sometimes, and as I always want their hearts to beat freely when I am by, I take the name of Uncle Thomas, when I come to see them at their schools, or at their May-day frolics, and pic-nics on the Wissahicon. Thus you find that I am both Uncle Thomas and Mr. Wilson, although," he added, turning to Emily's teacher, "still very far from a philosopher, I fear, my friend!"

This explanation seemed to satisfy pretty well both the child and the dog; for the former, a little checked in her gaiety by a new feeling of respect which she was too young to understand fully, once more climbed the knee of the speaker, while the latter, though he did not again *run* after his tail, marched deliberately and gravely to the hearth-rug, turned slowly round three times, with his nose close to the floor, and dropped quietly down, with his head gently reclining on his two fore paws, and the near eye, just half open at one corner, resting on Emily and Mr. Wilson.

"Well, then," said she, "since you *are* Uncle Thomas, and I don't care much about what else you may be, do tell me some more stories. Do you remember all that you told us in that pretty picture book last year, about the little hunter and his dog Luath? Do you think Dash is such a sensible dog as Luath! He is not so strong, but when he looks up at me sometimes, I think he looks very sensible."

"I have no doubt," replied Mr. Wilson, "that Dash, among the puppies of his own tribe, (and it

is one of the wisest,) is a dog of considerable parts. Setters are very warm in their personal attachments, and generally love their masters very faithfully, but they are often treacherous and inhospitable to strangers. Now it appears to me that Dash has virtues of a higher class." Here Dash, hearing himself so praised, pricked up his ears slightly, and opened his eyes widely, as Uncle Thomas proceeded.

"His welcome to me, when I came into the hall, was quite as warm as was agreeable, and just now, when you began to think that there was something wrong about me, because people called me by one name, and I called myself by another, did you not observe how Dash challenged me to answer, in his own peculiar mode of barking at things that he does not fully approve? Poor fellow! he thought you might be making improper acquaintance, and he wished to show a kind of brotherly caution in guarding you against moral as well as mere personal danger. You could see that such were the thoughts passing through his mind, by the half lifting of the

left side of his upper lip, just *not* high enough to show his ivory fangs."

"Why, Uncle Thomas," said Emily, "you seem to know what dogs mean when they growl, and bark, and turn up their noses, just as if they were human."

"To be sure I do, at least to a considerable extent. If I can understand the language of human puppies, who turn every word from its proper meaning—who say, 'My dear sir! I am so delighted to see you!' when they really wish you in Jericho or any where else, and who say of a virtuous and candid young lady, that 'she is a good, amiable young person,' when they mean to call her a silly little body, unworthy of notice——"

Here Emily's teacher interrupted him. "My dear Mr. Wilson, your instances seem to me to be in advance of the age of your auditor. Do you think it right to raise the veil so early?"

Emily looked very much puzzled at this remark, but as she had often heard her preceptor and the queer old gentleman talking in languages that she

did not understand, though they sounded very much like such English as she heard from the speakers on examination day, she supposed that the words she did not understand were Greek or Latin, so she said nothing, but Mr. Wilson replied—

"I stand corrected, my dear Mrs. ——: I sometimes find it very difficult to sink the sarcastic Mr. Wilson, in the benevolent Uncle Thomas; but 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,' and I will not attempt to fan the laughing ripple of the infant stream, into the turbulent billows of the mature river."

This might have been Greek even to Emily's mother; but Uncle Thomas immediately came down from his "high horse" and was "himself again." He went on talking to Emily in plain English.

"My dear little girl," said he, "a man who can understand what people say, *when they do not mean what they say*, ought to be able to understand what dogs, and horses, and cows, and even birds and fishes mean, when they use the only powers that God has given them, to express their wants or their

satisfaction; for they always mean what they say. I do believe that Dash really thought and meant exactly what I described."

"Oh dear, how queer!" cried Emily; "well do tell me what he is thinking about just now; for he looks mighty wise about the eyes, and his forehead is all wrinkled up, as if he was very much puzzled."

"Well!" returned Uncle Thomas; "just now he is pretty well convinced that you are safe with me, but his eye has never been turned from you, since you slid so quickly off my lap, and alarmed him, for fear that I meant to do something wrong. He knows that we are talking about him, and praising him, and his eyes are now wide open, for he is a dog of experience, and has probably learned among his own kind, as we queer old fellows find out among *our kind*, that when others praise us very much, they often want to put us to sleep and cheat us. The sea is nowhere so smooth in fair weather, as it is just over a shoal! Which is the wiser dog, he or Luath, I leave you to determine; Luath was a *soldier* of his tribe; *rough*, it must be confessed; and Dash is a statesmanlike dog, always *ready*.

Perhaps, if you could find a dog that was both rough and ready, he might be better than either."

Mrs. —— held up her finger at Uncle Thomas, and Uncle Thomas laughed, kissed little Emily, and stopped.

After a pause, Mrs. —— said, thoughtfully: "I fear that your imagination may make false impressions upon the very young, Mr. Wilson! You seem disposed to allow animals the power of reason, as well as that of instinct, and I confess I am surprised at this, for you have the credit of being a firm believer in phrenology. Indeed, you seem to argue as if animals went beyond mere reason, and possessed the higher moral feelings also, though the phrenologists teach that the portion of the brain in which the moral sentiments of the noblest class reside is altogether wanting in animals."

"The phrenologists," replied Mr. Wilson, "taught us a multitude of the most valuable truths; but, like most other inventors of theory, they rode their half-broken hobby into all manner of ditches and quagmires. There are millions of little animals in this

strange and miraculous world, that feel and act, and as I believe, reason, without any brain at all! They have none of the 'organs of reason,' or even 'organs of instincts,' as pointed out by the fathers of phrenology; and had these gentlemen began their studies by examining the history and structure of sponges and corals, before they attempted the examination of the human brain; had they wisely studied the powers of the simple lever and the inclined plane, before they went to work to build their magnificent cotton mill, with its complex spinning jennies, they might have woven a fabric firm enough to protect their really noble offspring against the chilling winds of criticism. But there we go again! My dear Mrs. ——, I am really so full of poetry, that I can scarcely keep myself down to plain prose. We will dismiss metaphysics, if you please; for, when there are *young children* about, I always endeavour to relieve the weary task of teaching *philosophers*, by chatting with the *little ones*. At a proper time I could tell you many stories of facts within my own knowledge, which clearly show that animals do reason, and also, that

they possess some of the highest moral feelings, whatever may be the construction of their brains."

"Oh do, Uncle Thomas! Do tell us some of those stories! That is just what I want!" said little Emily; and slipping down from his knee, she added, "It does not take mother more than an hour to dress, and Ma will be down directly; then you will all go to bowing this way;" and she mimicked a dandy's bow; "and curtseying this way;" and she mimicked a fine lady's curtsey, while Dash, having risen and faced her, every time she turned about, in her coquettish affectation, expressed his decided approval of each little picture of fashionable manners, by a short, quick whow! for Dash belonged to a savage race, and his interjections were much like those of an American Indian. "Then," continued Emily, "you will all get to talking Greek, and when I ask any questions, mamma will say, 'Emily! little girls were made to be seen, and not heard,' and then it will be all over, and I shall have to run down to the grove, and play with Dash; for there is no use in staying where I cannot understand what is said."

Mrs. —— sighed, but Uncle Thomas laughed and said:

"Come here, Emily, and let us make hay while the sun shines. We have not much time now, but I can tell you one or two stories within the hour, and as I shall spend a week with my hammer and chisel among the rocks, hereabouts, I may find a chance to tell you some more, at another time."

So the little girl clapped her hands, jumped upon his knee, looked in his face, and did not say a word, except with her eyes, but they looked *very hungry*, until he began

THE STORY OF THE MAGNANIMOUS DOG.

"Down —— Street, about a square from the river, in Philadelphia, when I was a little boy, there was a baker's shop, at the corner of an alley; and next door to it there was a cake-shop, where the children went to buy molasses candy; and the baker, or rather the baker's wife, (for she attended to the family, while her husband attended to the oven

in the cellar,) kept an ugly little cur, of no particular breed, but very cross. She kept him to bark at customers, when they came to buy bread, so that while she was making the beds up stairs, or washing clothes under the shed, she might know when she was wanted in the shop.

"You may think this a queer way to welcome customers, but I rather think it was nearly as agreeable as the 'good morning' with which the baker's wife saluted all comers. I was used to think, sometimes, that the baker thought so too; for I observed that whenever he heard that sharp 'good morning,' in the usual tone, half way between a snap and a bark, he gave a kind of shiver, as if he felt an occasional crawl of a chill coming over him. I never saw any signs of a fever after the chill; for he was a pale, melancholy-looking man who never had a flush on his cheek, and nobody who knew him, ever suspected that his chills were intermittent. However, people seemed to care very little about the cur or the wife or the chills. The bread was always excellent, and if the baker did not like the music of his household, why he was

paid for his sufferings, for his wife was industrious and saving, and he grew rich very fast.

"Now, the old woman who kept the cake shop had the care of a family on her shoulders too; and when she was about her chamber-work, having nobody to tend shop for her, and seeing how useful the ugly little cur was to her next neighbour, she bought another little cur for the same purpose; and as almost everybody in this world endeavours to exceed his neighbour in everything, whether it be wise or foolish, ugly or pretty, she bought a cur that was rougher, and uglier, and worse-tempered than the baker's cur.

"But she soon found that what suits a baker's shop will not always suit a cake shop, and that the kind of servant suitable for a stout young mistress, is not always equally suitable for a feeble old woman. The cake-dealer's cur frightened the children, drove away her young customers, and injured her business. Then, again, the ugly beast was continually quarrelling and fighting with the baker's dog, and, as he was somewhat larger than his neighbour, generally flogged him.

"But there are few puppies in the world so ugly as to have no friends; and though the cake-dealer's dog was strong enough to whip the baker's cur, the baker's wife was strong enough to whip the cake-dealer; so, making common cause with her cross little servant, she threatened to beat the poor old woman, and ran after her one day, with a broom-stick.

"I fear the old woman might have been killed by a chance blow, in this struggle; for she could not run fast enough to get out of the way; but a good, stout lad, living in the alley, who did not like the baker's wife, because her cur had killed his little sister's favourite kitten, happened to be standing by at the time; and recollecting that his little sister *did* like the old woman's molasses candy very much, he snatched the broom-stick out of the hands of the baker's wife, and ran away with it. Then the cake-dealer sued the baker's wife, and bound the baker's wife to keep the peace for six months, so that she could not beat the old woman for at least six months and a day, without paying a heavy fine. But in this instance, as in most cases, the

law, instead of bringing the two women to a better understanding, made them hate each other worse than ever. They found out a thousand pleasant little ways of being exceedingly disagreeable to each other, without breaking the law. As they could no longer abuse each other openly, they managed to pile dirt in front of each other's gates, and dash muddy water over each other's clothes, by *accident*, as they hung upon the line; and, as they could not strike each other, they industriously employed every opportunity of striking each other's curs, and the war of the two curs, gradually involving, like most other wars, one neutral power after another, soon set the whole neighbourhood in a fever. The cooks took part with the baker's wife; the nursery maids sided with the cakewoman; the serving men contended for those they liked best; and the mistresses teased their husbands at dinner, with continual complaints of neglect and dispute, which made it impossible to keep the house in order, because two ugly little dogs could not be kept from fighting. Even the county was put to the expense of several hundred dollars, on account

of the lawsuits growing out of so many quarrels; and, in short, there seemed to be no end to the confusion produced by these important puppies.

"At last, however, this was terminated, as many other wars have been. One of the parties was terribly singed, and the other totally destroyed. One day, while the cake-woman's cur was in the yard, watching a rat-hole, and waiting very patiently for the rat to come out and be eaten, the baker's cur stole into the cake shop, overset a basket of gingerbread, and seized upon a large piece, with which he began to run away; but, unluckily for him, the old woman was just then boiling a pint of molasses in an iron ladle, on the stove behind the counter; so, being terribly angry at the thief, she cruelly threw the whole of the boiling molasses, right over the little four-legged pest.

"Away went the unfortunate dog, howling most piteously, to his mistress; nor did he appear again in the street, until after two weeks of careful nursing. Even then, it was found that he had lost for ever most of the rough hair of one side of his body, and this very ugly cur looked a great

deal uglier than before. Indeed, he seemed very much mortified with his appearance, and as most naughty or thoughtless people seem to be fond of persecuting the unfortunate, he received more kicks and bruises than ever, from persons hurrying by. These things soured his temper terribly, and he became crosser and more snappish than ever.

"The grief of the baker's wife for the sufferings of her servant was deep and severe, and her revenge was as terrible. While *her* puppy was lying in pain upon a blanket in one corner of the kitchen, soon after his scalding, she slyly sprinkled some bread and butter with ratsbane, and watching for the cake-woman's dog, when he came out after dinner to hunt for such little luxuries as had been thrown into the gutter by the neighbouring cooks, before they were seized upon by the scavenger pigs who were always on the look-out for such things, she tossed the tempting morsel on the pavement, right before his nose.

"The little dog put his nose to the bread, and finding that it smelt very sweet, looked up in astonishment at the baker's wife, as if half suspicious of

kindness from one who had never before offered him anything better than blows. But, alas! the poor dog had hardly arrived at the full maturity of dogdom. He was still young and indiscreet; so he came to a very unfortunate conclusion. The temptation was too great to be altogether resisted, and he resolved cautiously to take the part of the bait which he liked best, and leave the rest. No doubt he thought, as little children, and big ones too, often think; surely, a *little* will not do me any harm! so he licked off all the butter and ratsbane, and left the bread for the pigs! The baker's wife drew a long breath as she saw this completed, and saying to herself 'that will do!' walked quietly into the shop.

"Next morning there was weeping and great wo, in the house of the cake-woman. Her poor little ugly cur, after whining most piteously in the yard all night, was found dead in the morning!

"It is said that mothers often love best those naughty children that give them the most trouble, and those ugly ones that few people will look at. I hope that the latter idea is a true one; for the

ugliest children are often the best: but I hope that the former is not quite true, because it would be very unjust. However, the old cake-woman clung to the memory of her naughty and rough-looking cur, with almost a mother's affection, and would not be consoled for three long weeks. Then, finding that she must have somebody in the shop, to call her when she was wanted, and not being willing to hire a girl for that purpose, she went out one day, and bought a parrot.

"The old woman soon taught her parrot that when anybody came into the shop, she was to scream out, as loud as she could, 'Polly! somebody wants you!' And the parrot did this as regularly as the poor puppy had barked on such occasions. The mistress then taught the bird to call out 'stop thief! stop thief,' when customers attempted to handle anything in the shop: so she and her bird got along very well together, except that the parrot would sometimes cry 'somebody wants you,' when there was nobody there; and 'stop thief,' while her mistress was buying butter and eggs. But these things she did not much care for; and she

felt very glad that the war of the ugly curs seemed to be over; though the whole neighbourhood was still disturbed as much as ever, by the barking and yelping of the baker's dog.

"The queer parrot drew back more custom to the cake-woman's shop than the ugly cur had driven away; for all the children came to see, and talk to the strange bird, as it hung in its cage at the door; and then, the sweet things in the window, right before them, were so tempting that they had to go in and buy something, whenever they had a penny. So the old woman grew rich, and the baker's wife was punished by having to hate her worse than ever, without any excuse for abusing her.

"Now it happened that the cake-woman's parrot had been brought up by a butcher's wife in Spring Garden, and had received many accomplishments before her new mistress obtained her. The butcher's naughty boys, where the bird had lived before, were in the habit of setting their dogs on any other dog that happened to pass that way; and the parrot had learned to scream out, 'At him, Bull! seize him,

Ponto!' whenever it saw a dog. The baker's cur was called Bull, though he looked more like a *bull-frog*, with his little bandy legs; and being, as we have seen, of anything but an amiable temper, whenever the parrot would cry, 'At him, Bull;' he would rush out and fly at anything that came in his way, making all ring again with his noise.

"The small dogs that usually passed by the baker's door, soon found that it was not agreeable to subject themselves to perpetual insult from this unnatural combination between bird and beast, and they got into the habit of quietly walking round the square, to avoid disturbing the public peace; but there was one sedate and grave old patriotic mastiff, of monstrous size, that regularly went back and forth, at meal-times, between his master's counting-house and family mansion, and passed the baker's door, on his way.

"Now, the parrot never missed a chance of setting the ugly cur upon this great dog; and he seldom succeeded in going by without receiving a pinch about the tail or the hind legs from the snappish little beast. But he was a dog of great

dignity, and had a just sense of his rights upon the public highway; and he continued his daily walks without paying any further attention to his troublesome enemy, than to shake him off with a jerk of his skin, or to give him a passing kick with his hind foot. Now and then, indeed, when the cur's teeth touched any tender part, he would curl up one side of his upper lip, but he never deigned to raise it high enough to show his long lines of monstrous fangs, or to turn his huge head around.

"Things went on in this way for several months, till at length, one day, just as the parrot called out as usual, 'At him, Bull!' the mastiff's attention was attracted by something lying in the street, the nature of which he did not distinctly understand; so he stopped short, and applied his philosophic nose, in order to investigate its properties. The ugly cur was rushing out at this moment, in full cry, but the mastiff did not hear it, any more than you can hear the striking of the clock when you are very busy reading, or your teacher the dinner-bell, when he is just finishing a mathematical calculation. Seeing the big dog in this unusual fit of

abstraction, the ugly cur stopped too, to lay his plans more cunningly. Then he slowly crept up behind his enemy, and planted his teeth, with a sharp snap, just where the leader or tendon of the hind leg is joined to the heel; and the audacious little wretch drew blood.

"The mastiff, thus rudely disturbed in his studies, suddenly twitched up his lip, so as to show his whole set of teeth at once, gave a short grunt, which said as plainly as words can say, 'This is not to be borne!' and turning very quickly round, before the cur could spring back, seized him firmly by the back of the neck.

"Now, I suppose you think he was about to shake the little dog to death. Not he! He was too magnanimous. He lifted the cur almost as gently as a cat lifts her kitten, though the frightened creature yelped all the time, as if he had been very much hurt. He carried him down tenderly and very gravely to the wharf, without paying the least attention to his noise. He put his head far over the edge of the wharf, let go his hold, and dropped the ugly cur into the river!"

"And so, the poor little puppy was drowned!" exclaimed Emily.

"By no means," replied Uncle Thomas; "the mastiff quietly seated himself on the edge of the wharf, and watched the little beast, as he was swept along by the tide, with such a smile on his cheek as good-natured dogs only can give. I do not believe he would have let him drown at last; but there was no time to try him; for, just as the cur was passing the bow of the first ship, a sailor who was painting the bows, called out kindly, 'Stop, stop, my little fellow! We have not done with you yet.' So he jumped into a boat that was fastened to the stage on which he was standing, cast it loose, and sculled away after the drowning puppy. When he had caught him, he brought him close to the high wharf, took him by the neck and tossed him ashore, close to the place where the mastiff was sitting.

"Now, the mastiff took no more notice of him than if he had never seen him before. He seemed to be watching the sailor till he reached his stage,

fastened his boat, and went to work again; but that queer-looking smile was still on his lip.

"After a few minutes the mastiff rose up with great dignity, and looking around, saw the cur crowding up against a sunshiny wall, trembling all over with fright and cold. He walked up to him, ranged himself close to his side, bristled up the hair of his back, scratched the ground with his hind feet, and growled, and showed his teeth till the poor cur shook like an aspen leaf, and looked smaller and uglier than ever. Then the great dog slowly turned round, lifted one hind paw, gave the cur a contemptuous kick full in the face, and marched off to attend to his business at the counting-house!

"From that time, there was an end of the war of the puppies, and the baker's wife had to hire a girl to attend the shop; for the ugly cur was so thoroughly scared, that he never summoned courage to bark again, even at a customer! She fed him for the mischief he had done, but he was no longer of any use, for he was completely cowed!

"And now, Emily, was not that old mastiff a magnanimous dog?"

There was a long pause after Uncle Thomas had done speaking, till, at last, little Emily looked up in his face, and Dash looked up too, just in the same way, and, says she,

"Tell me another story!"

"Some other time, my dear!" said Mrs. ——; "here comes your mother."

Then it was all bowing and curtseying between the old folks, and all the talk was *Greek* to Emily and Dash, exactly as she said it would be; so Dash ran round again after his tail, jumped up as high as Emily's head, and just as his nose almost touched hers, he said whow! wheeled round and round, and tore away to the grove, with the little girl following as fast as she could.

When they were tired of romping together, Emily sat down on a mossy bank, and Dash sat down beside her, tossed his fore foot over her arm with an air of perfect equality, and pricking his ears, as he heard the little birds chirping among the trees,

began speculating as to how many partridges there were like to be that season, in the old wheat-field.

Lucy followed the direction of his sensible eye, and sinking into a revery, said quietly to herself,

"Well! if all that Uncle Thomas says is true, puppies must be very much like men, and I really begin to think it must be so!"

THE BOAT;

OR, THE YOUNG SAILOR'S SONG.

THE fields are green, the woods are grand,
And home is dear to me,
But I would give a year on land,
For one month on the sea.

I've made myself a little boat,
Fit for a little boy,
And when I set my craft afloat,
I clap my hands for joy.

But, mother, when I am a man,
And do just as I please,
I'll build a ship, and then I can
Go live upon the seas.

I want to see the white sails sweep,
To see the white waves roll,

And feel that while the helm I keep,
None can my course control.

Oh, mother, when with Jane and Sue
I go down to the stream,
And launch my boat, and see her through
The sunny ripple gleam,

I feel as though I was not born
To live upon the shore;
I long and sigh from night till morn,
To hear the billows roar.

Then come strange sounds into my ear,—
I hear the wild waves dash,—
I hear the loud storm howl, nor fear
The sudden thunder crash.

The narrow fields and close, dark grove,
Will never do for me;
I must have room to breathe and move!
I must go o'er the sea!

THE ORPHAN.

A STORY BY COUSIN PETER.

JOHNNY and Willie were two very pretty little boys; and their father was a very kind father. He did everything he could to make them happy and comfortable, and supplied them with good clothes and plenty to eat.

It is true their father had a good business, but as he never could bear to see anybody suffer while he possessed the means to give relief, he gave away so much money to others that he had hard work to educate his children in a moderate way, to keep out the wind and the rain, and to have a good warm fire to cheer them when they came home. Perhaps he might not have been able even to do that, if it had not been that their mother was one of the best of mothers, and turned everything to the best advantage at home.

She mended their clothes for them whenever they tore them, and washed them herself whenever they were dirty; for boys will be boys, and Johnny and Willie were both great romps, and gave their mother so much trouble that all the neighbours wondered how she could bear with their frolics and gambols as she did: but for all this, she was scarcely ever known to scold them. She always had a pleasant smile and a kiss apiece for them, whenever they came into the house even if they had been playing in the dirt until they were not fit to be seen.

Johnny was four years older than Willie, and as he was nearly into his teens, he began to think himself almost a man, and was very proud when his mother allowed him to go to market for her while his father was busy at the counting-house. He was also a protector to his little brother, and was used to lead him about, sometimes away into the country, where he would collect pretty little wild flowers for him and pull them to pieces, and explain all their parts to him, telling him where the seeds grew, and how they grew, and where the young plant could be

seen on the inside of the seed. May be you will hardly believe what I am going to tell you, but it is "righty dighty down true," as little Willie would say, for all that, every word of it. One day, he actually showed him a whole oak tree growing on the inside of an acorn! Now, if you do not believe me, come take a walk with me in the woods, next fall, and I will show you the same thing; for there is an oak tree in every acorn, and when you cut one open properly with a penknife, you can see the leaves, and the root, and the place where the trunk is to be, well enough, strange as it may seem.

You may wonder how little Johnny learned so much about acorns and oak trees and flowers, when he was so very young, and his father too poor to send him to the best schools, or to pay the best teachers to come and instruct him at home. Well then, I'll tell you the secret. These little boys had a mother who loved them very dearly, and who was a woman of great good sense. She had been a factory girl in New England when she was young, and she had learned how to work with system, to make haste slowly and get through a great deal of

work in a little time without ever being in a hurry. You don't know how much time can be saved by making haste slowly, and never being in a hurry. Just try this plan, in getting your lessons, and you can't think how much more time you will have for play!

Now, the factory girls of New England, even when they have no kind parents to look after them, (for many of them are orphans,) are all taught to read and write; and they all find time to study and learn a great deal from books, though they work very hard, all day long. One of them actually publishes a little book every month, and all that is printed in it is written by the little girls themselves between whiles, when their work is done. And very interesting little books they are too—well worth your reading when you are older. These girls have their own lyceum and library; and they attend lectures, and grow up to be very fine American women, often knowing a great deal more than many a pert miss whose father is very rich and who,—instead of using her money and time in growing wiser and doing good to others, so as to have some

recollections to make her feel still happy when she has grown old, and it may be ugly too—sits still all day, with her hands before her, gaping in loneliness or chatting with silly boys, and spends all the evening in dancing and singing and eating ice-cream.

The mother of Johnny and Willie had read a great many books from the library at Lowell; not mere novels and trash, but books that teach something that it is worth while to know. Among these, she had picked up a little book upon botany, that teaches all about the growth of plants, and her mind began to open to the wonders of nature; so, after church on Sunday afternoon, and on holidays, or when the mill stopped because something was out of order, or because the day was sacred, like Christmas and the twenty-second of February and the fourth of July, she would go to the green-house of some rich employer, and beg a flower or two of the gardener, who seldom refused her, because she asked so prettily, and only wanted the simplest little blossoms which great ladies care little about; or, if it was summer-time, she would wander along the river and through the fields, picking the wild

flowers and weeds, and carrying them home in the crown of her sun-bonnet, which was made a little larger on purpose to hold them. And when she had these blossoms at home, in the window of the neat little chamber where she slept with five other girls that worked in the same mill, she did not keep them there merely to look at. Not she, indeed! but as soon as the factory bell rang the last time, after supper, to dismiss the hands, she would hurry to her room, light a piece of tallow candle, pull her flowers to pieces, one after another, looking into her book and reading every now and then, till she found out what they were and how they were made and all about them. So, now you see how Johnny was able to teach his brother all about the nature of plants.

When people once begin to learn, and find out how to set about learning in the right way, they can never leave off again; for the love of learning is like the love of eating and drinking, and no matter how much one may be delighted with a good dinner, he is sure to be hungry again at tea-time. So the mother of our two little boys was not

contented with studying botany only; she read a great deal about history, geography, astronomy, and a great many other things; and she found that the more she knew, the happier she was. Wherever she went, she found herself among old friends and acquaintances, and never felt lonely. If she walked in the woods by day, every wild flower that grew along her path seemed to look up at her and smile, as if to welcome a familiar face; but when she met with a blossom that was very scarce, and seldom to be found, you can't think how delighted she was, unless you have met some boy or girl that you knew and loved at school, and have never seen again for one or two whole years.

Our little factory girl—for the mother was a little girl then—did not know *all* the stars that laugh and wink and seem to dance in the sky of a summer night, or *all* the stately planets that march along steadily on their eternal watch, and never deign to wink, even when armies perish, or thrones are overturned; but she knew a great many of them. She knew silvery Venus, golden Mars, and steel-clad Jupiter; she knew them by the very colour of their

light! She knew the broad belt of Orion—could tell by the Pointers which was the pole-star round which all heaven seems to turn—and could look through the dark holes in the milky way, deep into the awful space beyond, where there seems to be nothing, but where she felt that there was spirit; and she grew better, as well as wiser, when looking through the open windows of creation into the unmeasured dwelling-place of the Creator.

Some people think that it makes poor people unhappy to be taught, or as they are pleased to call it, educated, in this way; because they say it makes them discontented with their lot, and envious of those who are richer and better off than themselves. But however this may be with some, it was not so with the factory girl; for when great men and great ladies from other states, who came to see the mill, with letters of introduction to the overseer, would ask her all about her earnings, and how she got along with so little, she would tell that she had more than a hundred dollars in the savings fund, and would have had a hundred and fifty, if she had not spent thirty-five dollars in taking

night lessons in French and drawing! Now and then, some good-natured young girl, the daughter of a wealthy merchant or manufacturer, would make her acquaintance at the lyceum, because she asked such interesting questions of the lecturer after he had finished speaking; and they would have a thousand little confidences together in one corner of the room. And sometimes she would be invited to spend an evening at the great house, when nobody else was there; but she generally found that, though her new acquaintance could curtsey somewhat more gracefully, understood music and dancing, and had studied all the sciences at a fashionable boarding-school, yet she could not answer the simplest question about a matter of every-day business in life, or write even a note of invitation without errors in spelling, and making the lines wander up and down the paper, like a row of poplar tree tops on a stormy day; and the little "operative" would sigh most compassionately as she said to herself, "What a pity Miss —— was not brought up a factory girl! Then she would have known at least how to make her own clothes, and cook her own dinner, without

being a slave to her 'helps,' while they stayed, and without starving or going out to dine when they left her. What a wife she will make!"

The mother of Johnny and Willie married an amiable, sober, and industrious man, with what is called a good common education; that is, he had been taught to read, and write, and cipher. He was fond of reading, but he had commenced very young as a clerk in a store, and being often in a hurry, and not knowing how to make haste slowly, he never had any time to spare. He became a good accountant, but it is wonderful that he ever managed to find time even to make love. How he contrived to talk to his intended about anything but a ledger and day-book, or the price of cottons and printed goods, nobody who knew him before his marriage was able to guess. However, when there is really even an acorn's worth of good about a man, an intelligent and truly amiable woman is sure, not only to find it out, but also, to nurse the good seed until it takes root, and grows, and spreads out like an oak tree in the forest. And so it proved with the father of our little boys. His wife was a

lady by nature; and when there is politeness and good feeling in the heart, it matters not how labour may harden the hands—that nature, nothing but vice can change.

Well, when the clerk and the factory girl were married, they left New England and came to Philadelphia to live; and there he set up a store. His wife knew that they could not afford to live in a costly house or to keep a servant; so she persuaded her husband to take a very small two-story dwelling on a back street, and there she cooked for him, and mended his clothes, and kept the house in order; and all the poor neighbours agreed that there was not a better-kept house in the city. It was there that little Johnny and Willie were born, and then the mother had to wash and mend for them too, as I told you before.

Some people think that the care of a house and two children takes so much time that no one so engaged can spare a moment to improve their minds, much less to regulate the minds of their children; but the factory girl knew better than this, and always laughed when people said so;

for she made haste slowly, and always had everything finished before her husband came home from the store in the evening. After tea, he and she would sit down and read together, and talk over the affairs of the day. And when Johnny was grown big enough to go to school, they always heard him say his lessons and his prayers, and then his mother put him to bed and tucked him in snug.

Now, when people start out in life in this prudent way, they are almost sure to grow rich; and it was not a great while after Willie was born, that the father of the boys came home to supper, looking very much pleased indeed. And said he to his wife: "Jane, my dear, I make it a rule always to settle matters of business a little beforehand, if possible. This is Christmas eve, you know; and I have just completed my account of stock, and calculated the profits of the year so nearly that one week cannot make much difference. I find that last year I realized nearly seven hundred dollars, and this year I have fairly earned more than eight hundred. My business is secure and

growing; so I have been thinking for some time that we were rich enough to make ourselves a little more comfortable, for I cannot bear to see you washing away every Monday morning, in that damp old shed behind the kitchen. So, as I happened to notice a beautiful little three-story house, with sixteen feet front, on —— Street, to be rented, I stepped in to look at it yesterday. The rent is two hundred and fifty dollars a year. It has a very neat small kitchen with a cooking range and hydrant, and a nice little yard with some rose bushes and shrubs that must be very pretty in summer-time. There is also a bath-room, back of the nursery, and plenty of closets; and take it all in all, it is one of the prettiest and most comfortable establishments of its size that ever I saw. So, thinks I to myself, if Jane will not feel melancholy when she finds herself living right opposite to the rich Mr. ——, with his dashing sons and his extravagant daughters, while poor Johnny and Willie have to run about in trousers or petticoats made of our cast-off clothing, we'll even take the house, and move into it on the day after New Year's day. What say you, Jane?"

His wife's face brightened up very sweetly, though there was a tear in her eye, as she replied, "Why, to tell you the truth, dear, I have been so very happy here that it almost makes me tremble to think of moving; but when I consider how much our Johnny is exposed to bad company and bad examples among the ill-taught and neglected boys in this poor by-street, where our yard is so small that it would kill the children to keep them shut up within doors without air or sunshine, I feel that when you can well afford it, we ought to move. As for the sons of the rich Mr. ——, it will do Johnny no harm to see how gracefully they walk, and how neatly they dress, and how polite they are in their manners; for children always imitate their neighbours; and there is too much aristocracy about them to permit any notice or familiarity between my children and them to ruin their morals or lead them into dissipation."

So the father and mother moved into the new house, and they took little Johnny and Willie with them. They bought some new furniture and hired a servant; and then the mother found time to teach Johnny all about plants and minerals at home, while

he learned history and geography at school. Yet, though the expenses of the family were growing greater and greater every year, the profits of their father grew greater and greater too; and they got along very well, though they had to be very economical.

Good fortune is very apt to make men more kind and cheerful, if it does not come upon them too fast; and the father of these little boys seemed to love them more in the new home than he did in the old one. He would often let Johnny sit up with him till it was almost ten o'clock, instead of sending him to bed at eight, and he no longer suffered the children to wear his old clothes turned and mended, but took them to a tailor, and fitted them out in nice new cloth clothes, hats and gaiter boots; for you must know that even Willie had become big enough to wear jacket and trousers.

They were the neatest and cleanest little boys in all the neighbourhood, and Johnny walked up and down the pavement with as manly a step as the rich Mr. ——'s sons over the way: but he never neglected his studies or wasted his time, as they did.

The mother felt very proud and very happy; and if she saw, through the gauze curtains, the gaily-dressed people over the way whirling and turning as they danced past the windows, or if she watched the pyramids of ice-cream and monstrous pound-cakes carried into the house when they gave a party, she did not pout or appear melancholy or jealous, but looked at her two little boys and sang,

> "Though humble my lot, and though poor my estate,
> Yet I see without envy the wealthy and great."

Sometimes, indeed, she would see a poor old man or woman who came to beg turned away from the door of her rich neighbour with abuse and threats by the saucy servants, while the young ladies sat gazing out of the window without taking any notice; or she would hear his two oldest sons coming home at twelve or one o'clock, when almost everybody was asleep, making a great noise in the street, singing or talking very loud, in a voice that showed they had been drinking; and then she would sigh as she hugged her Willie closer to her bosom, and say, "What a pity those children had not been brought up in a factory! Then they might have been of some use in the world."

Now Johnny and Willie never had any spending money given them, except a penny or two to buy candy, once and awhile; for, their father thought that they would learn to be extravagant soon enough for children that had to make their own living if their parents should die. But one Christmas eve, when Johnny was about nine years old, and Willie almost five, their father came home from the store looking so happy and yet so serious, that the children did not know what to make of it. A nice little girl with a great pasteboard box on her arm followed him into the parlour, as he walked right up to their mother and gave her a kiss that might have been heard in the kitchen, while the little girl set down the box and went away.

"Why, what is the matter now, Charles?" said she, as she blushed, and gave him a playful box on the ear; but he only smiled, and pointed to the box.

Up jumped the mother, and threw off the lid, and what do you think was in it?—Why, first she pulled out two or three skeins of silk, two or three spools of cotton, two or three hanks of cord, a paper of pins, and a whole heap of needle-papers; then she came to a

roll of lino, another of brown holland, with some tape and hooks and eyes, and dear knows how many other trimmings. These she tossed about as if they were worth nothing at all; but when she came to a neatly folded paper covering the whole box, she undid the packet more carefully; and lo, and behold! there was an elegant piece of white satin, large enough to make a beautiful dress.

The mother looked frightened as she lifted the paper gently, so as not to rumple the silk; but when she saw what was under it, she fairly let it fall on the floor. There lay an elegant lace scarf, worth ever so much money, hid away under all the things, to take her by surprise. She turned towards her husband and looked pale as if she was going to faint, as she said, "How could you, Charles, with our two dear little boys to be provided for when they come of age, and we so poor!"

Charles smiled, with a tear in his eye, as he led his wife to a chair and took a seat beside her.

"Pick up that satin, Johnny," said he, "and put it on the table. Jane, I owed you a wedding dress nine years ago, and though you tell me to make

haste slowly, it is time that it was paid. Besides, I intend that you shall give a party next week, and as I shall ask some of my business friends to bring their wives to pay you formal morning calls so that you may invite them properly, I wish to see you as well dressed as the best of them."

"Charles, are you mad!" cried his wife.

"Not at all, my dear," he replied. "While you have been toiling away, to save expenses at home, I have been working hard at the store. Without telling you anything about it, I have laid up half my net profits or more, each year, to be added to the capital. I have now as much capital as the business will properly bear; my income is full twenty-five hundred a year, and constantly growing. If I were to lay up more money than I can use, I should be tempted to engage in speculations that I do not understand, and should surely run in debt, and fail: then what would become of Willie and Johnny? People who begin by making thread and cotton, Jane, are very apt to end in lace and satin. We have the money, dear, and the safest thing we can do with it is prudently to spend it."

Johnny went to sleep that night with some of the last words of his father ringing in his ears, but he forgot a part of them.

Next morning, which you know was Christmas, the boys leaped out of bed, almost as soon as it was light, and ran to the chimney corner, where they hung their stockings the night before. Such sugar-plums and toys and pretty things as there was there, you never saw in your life. So they dressed themselves as quickly as they could, and put some more wood in the stove. Then they sat down on the floor and pulled out all the contents of the stockings between them. And then, sure enough, what do you think they found at the bottom? Why, there was a dollar in Johnny's stocking and a half-dollar in Willie's!

They had never owned so much money in their lives before; and they turned it over and looked at it, and turned it over again; and then they looked at each other! At last, little Willie asked, "What shall we do with it?" and Johnny replied, "Why, last night, father told mother that when we had money, and did not know what to do with it, the safest thing was to spend it."

"But," said Willie, "I don't know how to spend mine."

"Never mind; 'live and learn,'" said Johnny, "after breakfast, we'll go out and *try*."

The boys could not eat any breakfast, for they were sick from eating too many sugar-plums.—Parents seem to like to make their children sick with sugar-plums, they call it "making them happy!"—So, they wandered out to see the shops, which were all glowing and sparkling with toys and fruit and candies; and they did not go far, before they found out how to spend half their money.

Just as they came out of a confectioner's shop they saw a poor little ragged boy without any stockings on, standing in front of the window, crying bitterly; and they went up to him and asked him kindly what he was crying about.

"Why, it's Christmas; and everybody is happy, and I am hungry and cold!" said the little boy.

"Come in, then," said Willie, "and I'll buy you some cake."

"I don't want any cake," he answered; "I want some bread!"

"Why don't you go home and get some, then?" inquired Johnny.

"I have not got any home," returned the child, "I live with my aunt, and she's cross, because she has not got any bread neither."

"Well, then, I'd tell my father of her if I were you, and make my mother to give me some breakfast."

"I have not got any father—or mother either; I'm an orphan."

Johnny and Willie looked at each other and opened their eyes very wide; but they could not understand the case at all.

"Why don't your aunty get some bread for you? she can't live without bread herself, the lazy thing!" said Johnny.

"Don't call my aunt lazy, or, rich as you are, I'll tear your new coat for you," replied the boy fiercely: "If my aunt does beat me and knock me about, she's the only one that ever gives me anything to eat, for I won't beg. She's working all day and all night, she's working now, but she has not got any money to buy any flour, and how can she make bread without flour?"

Johnny could hardly help crying when he heard this; but Willie did not know what to make of it. He could not understand how it could be. Presently his brother said, "Willie, we've got some money left. Let us go home with this little boy, and see his aunty, and give her some money to buy bread."

"May be she will scold me for bringing you," remarked the poor lad, with his little finger in his mouth, "for she's mighty proud and cross."

The children soon overruled this objection, and away they went, after the poor boy, up a cross street, into an open alley, and from that into a narrow court, then through a covered alley, into a muddy yard filled with clothes hung out to dry, and then they stopped at the broken door of a leaky wooden shed, just back of the stable of the rich Mr. ——, who lived on the other side of the way from their father's.

Johnny and Willie thought they had never been in such a dirty place before, and would have taken it for a cart-house, had they not heard somebody inside, sousing the dirty clothes into the water, and dashing about the soapsuds as she was rubbing

away at the wash-tub, on that beautiful Christmas morning.

The poor boy knocked at the door, and a cross voice called out, "Tom, is that you, you good-for-nothing little vagabond!" and as the tall, pale, lean, wrinkled, and dirty-looking washerwoman opened the door, she added, "Have you got Mrs. Smith's bill? I'm almost fainting with hunger!"

"No, aunt; the black man said that he wondered how you could have the impudence to be sending such a ragged child to a gentleman's house to ask for money, on a Christmas morning; and he shut the door in my face!"

"May the curse of the starving fall——" But before the old woman could finish the wicked words, she caught a glimpse of Johnny and Willie, standing outside of the door. "Hey, day!" said she, "here's more of the fat, red-cheeked children of oppression, coming to insult a poor woman in her poverty! What business have you here? What do you want?"

"The little boy told us you had no flour to make

bread with," said Johnny, holding out a bright quarter of a dollar; "and we came to——"

But before he could say another word, the old woman snatched the money, and screamed out, "Tom, take this and run to the baker's! Bring us a five-cent loaf, and twenty cents change. If you spend a cent of it, I'll break your bones for you, you good-for-nothing drone!" and she staggered back, sat down on the bench between the washing tub and the rinsing tub, and cried like a child!

Tom did not look angry; not he!—for he knew that the old woman loved him, and that it was hunger that made her so cross. So he only smiled, and darted off to get the bread. Johnny felt offended, because the old woman never said 'thank ye;' and he, also, turned to walk away; but Willie held him back.

Willie looked on in wonder, and his great blue eyes stretched wider and wider, till they were almost round. At last he looked up into Johnny's face, and his voice trembled as he said;

"Johnny, *you* wouldn't be an orphan, would you?"

The old woman heard him, and she too looked up in wonder, as if the tone of kindness was a stranger to her ear; and the first thing she saw was little Willie holding out his eleven-penny bit, just as Johnny had done his quarter of a dollar.

Up she jumped, and running to the child, she lifted him in her arms, and kissed him again and again, staining his trousers all over with the soap-suds from her apron; but she would not take the money.

"No, no!" said she, "you have done good enough for one day, and may you have a merry Christmas, for you have made one for me, and for my sister's child. May God bless you, and the mother that owns you! She must have known what it was to work for a living in her day; for those who have never been poor are all hard-hearted. Yet may be that is because they know no better. God forgive them, and make me more grateful for the little I get!"

Just then little Tommy returned with about half the loaf of bread—he had eaten the rest—and he wondered more than any of them, when his aunt said to him, "Tommy, dear! I'm glad you ate your

breakfast as you came along. Make a bow to the young gentlemen and thank them for their goodness."

Now Tommy had never been called "dear" before, and he had never made a bow; but he did the best he could, and Johnny and Willie ran home to tell their mother all about it.

That evening, after tea, little Willie said to his mother:

"Mother, what's the use of being an orphan, when orphans have to go without stockings in cold weather, and live with cross aunties, in wooden sheds, and eat bread without any butter on it?"

"Bless the child!" replied the mother, "how shall I make you understand? Children are orphans when their parents die, and they have neither father nor mother to take care of them. Now your father and I might die, and then you would be an orphan."

"But, mother! you won't die while I live, will you, mother? I would rather live on dry bread and go without stockings all my life than let you die."

The mother kissed her boy and said:

"I hope you will not know what it is to be an

orphan, my dear child; but all orphans are not compelled to go barefoot, or eat dry bread. I was not much older than Johnny, when I was left an orphan; and your father was not twelve years old when he lost both his parents. But I was brought up in a factory, and he in a store, and as we were both prudent, we soon learned to take care of ourselves."

"And why don't little Tommy learn to take care of himself too, then?" rejoined Willie.

"Probably he has had nobody to tell him how," returned the mother; "perhaps his aunt's husband was a drunkard, and so she was probably starved and badly treated until she gave up all hope. When people have given up hope, they might as well die; for they will never be good for anything afterwards."

Here Johnny put in a word and said:

"Father, I like that poor little boy. Why could we not send him to a factory, and teach him to take care of himself?"

"A very good thought, Johnny!" replied his father; "it shall be done, if only to prove that you

did not spend *all* your money foolishly this morning. I'll set about it next week."

"Why, father, you told mother last night, that when we had money, and did not know what to do with it, we had better spend it."

"Goodness! what ears these children have. But Johnny, you forgot part of what I said. Prudently, Johnny; I said we should spend prudently. Money should be made to work, as well as oxen, and horses, and men, and boys. The money you wasted on oranges this morning would have paid your poor boy's passage to his factory. But children never know the use of money till they have earned it!"

"Father," said Johnny, clapping his hands, "I'll soon know how to spend money the right way; for I'll never spend any more, till I have earned some!"

Just then, in came their next-door neighbour, Mr. Johnston, the grocer.

"Well, Charles," he said, with a voice of triumph, "the Bank of —— has gone by the board at last, and old Mr. —— over the way will lose all that his gambling son, and his mad, speculating nephew have left him. A cool sixty thousand gone at a

blow! They will have to move in less than a year; and I wonder whether those proud daughters of his will continue to sneer at their honest neighbours, as they now do, when they hear this news!"

The mother sighed; for good people never rejoice over the misfortunes of others; and their father remarked that, "Those who wear lace and satin before they have ever worn thread and cotton, are very apt to live until they regret that they were not brought up to a trade!"

Now, about twenty years after all this happened, I came back from foreign lands, where I had lived for a long time. And, thinks I to myself, I'll just stroll round and see my old friends, Charles and Jane. So, about nine o'clock in the evening, I knocked at the door of the neat three-story house, with its sixteen feet front, and asked the pretty little girl who came to the door, and who, I thought, might be a daughter of Johnny, whether her grandfather was at home.

"I have not got any grandfather, but I've got a great aunt," said she; "walk in, sir!" I stepped into the parlour to inquire to what part of the

city my friends had moved; and there sat a fine-looking old lady of more than seventy. The moment she saw me, she cried out:

"Mr. ——, how do you do, sir?" and seeing that I was surprised, she added: "Why, don't you know me! Many's the dozen of clothes I've washed for you when you were young, and I must say that you never kept me waiting for my money, as many a richer man did. Sit down, sir, if you will condescend to sit on little ragged Tom's spring-seat sofa, and talk an hour with your old washerwoman: it is not quite so soft as the velvet cushions and silken ottomans over the way, at Mr. Charles's, where the rich and proud Mr. —— lived till he failed: Mr. Charles is richer now than he ever was, but he is not proud. Yet you cannot go there to-night, for you are all alike, you rich people, and you would not go to Willie's wedding without dressing up like a doll. Little Willie; God bless him! I shall always call him so, for I never can believe that he's a man, when I think how he wanted to give me his eleven-penny bit, when I was starving over the wash-tub that bitter Christmas morning:—he was married to-day."

Well! I sat down with the old woman and learned how the tables of fortune had been turned over and over in my absence.

Ragged Tommy was wealthy, and owned a rolling mill; Charles had retired with a fortune of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and lived in the great house t'other side of the way; his son John carried on the old business very prosperously, and Willie, taking his father's advice, had just returned from New England, bringing with him a wife from Lowell. In the meanwhile, the rich Mr. —— and his wife both died in poverty, his oldest son in an hospital, and the other went to sea before the mast, and was never heard of again. One of the daughters supported herself with the needle for some years, and then fell a victim to consumption. The other married a worthy mechanic, who might have been prosperous if he had not married a fine lady who did not know how to dress herself neatly without the assistance of a maid, and who neglected her children almost as much as the old washerwoman did little ragged Tommy. Her greatest delight was, whenever she heard of the liberality and fair fame of the

fortunate Mr. Charles and his Jane, to say, with a contemptuous curl of the lip, "Yes, yes, I knew them when they lived in an alley; and the wife actually washed her own clothes!"

Thinks I to myself, as I pulled my night-cap over my head that night, it is not so bad after all, sometimes, to be left an orphan and to be brought up in a factory. It is better than to have rich parents, and not to know what to do with the hands that God has given us for some use or other, besides touching our hats or leading off in a dance: and it is far better to be born poor and die rich, than to be born rich and die poor.

FLOWERS THAT FADE NOT.

FATHER. Daughter, in this book you'll find
Buds and blossoms, intertwined.

CHILD. Father, how can blossoms grow,
In the winter on the snow?

FATHER. Little prattler, there are flowers
Blooming best in wintry hours.

CHILD. Show me, father, where they be,
And I'll weave a wreath for thee.

FATHER. Daughter, they are in the heart;
There their odour they impart,
Though the head be crowned with snows;
Gather me a wreath of those!

CHARLIE AND HIS PET.

"My Papa has a dog that he keeps in the yard,
Just to drive all the robbers away;
Brother Bill has another to run through the fields,
And to tell where the partridges stay.

"Pa calls me the General, and why should I not
Have a dog for a pet then, I'd know,
That would watch me, and guard me, and come
when I call,
And would follow wherever I go?

"Pa tells me that Generals are brave, and I'm sure
That a General can be but a man;
And our Bill says a dog is as brave as the best,
So I'll get me a dog if I can.

"They agree that the lion 's the bravest of beasts,
But I can't tame a lion they say,

And the dog is the next bravest; so I must buy
Me a lion-dog next Christmas day!"

Thus said little Charlie. His father was kind,
And he bought him the dog that you see
T'other side of the leaf; and there never was dog
That looked more like a lion than he.

Charlie nursed him, and tended him every day,
In the green-house, for fear he'd catch cold;
And he barked, and he snapped at the gardener's heels,
For there never was puppy more bold!

One day little Charles caught a mouse in a trap,
And although it was cruel, I own,
Yet he thought he would see what his lion would do
If to him the poor creature was thrown.

So he carried the trap to the parlour, and there
Charlie brought in the lion-dog too;
And the lion-dog smelt all about it, and barked,
And he made a most dreadful ado.

You'd have thought he would tear into splinters the trap,
For so terribly fierce was his ire:
Yet what could the bravest of lions effect
With a mouse t'other side of the wire?

Now, the mouse trembled sorely, and put up its paws
As if striving for mercy to pray,
But the naughty boy thought it a pity to cheat
The brave lion-dog out of his prey;

So he lifted the trap-door and shook the mouse out,
But he pretty soon found he'd done wrong,
For the weakest will turn on their foes when oppressed,
And "the battle is not to the strong."

Now, the mouse came to find he must fight or be killed,
And the least of two evils he chose;
So he summoned his courage, and sprang at the dog,
And he fixed his sharp teeth in his nose.

Then the lion-dog howled, and to Charlie he ran,
For protection—the cowardly soul!
But as one such escape in a day is enough,
The poor mouse ran away to his hole!

"Why, father," said Charlie, "a lion, you say,
Is the bravest of beasts that we see;
Then tell me why my little lion, I pray,
Such a very great coward should be!"

"Ah! Charlie," his father replied, with a smile,
"If a brave dog you'd choose without fail,
Let him show something more than beard on his chin,
Shaggy ears, and a tuft on the tail!"

PONIES AND PUPPIES,

OR, A SECOND VISIT FROM UNCLE THOMAS.

One day, about two weeks after Uncle Thomas made his first visit to the hall, as we have described in the beginning of this book, little Emily and her mother and teacher, with the coachman for their guide and protector, went to take a morning ride of a few miles.

Now, it may surprise you to hear that a child so young as Emily should be allowed to ride on horseback; but her mother had bought her a beautiful Shetland pony, and he was perfectly safe. The pony knew Emily, and loved her, and he was as tame as a kitten. He was not much larger than a calf; so, if she fell or was thrown from him, she had but a little way to fall, and was not likely to be much hurt. He knew her so well that, as soon as he was saddled and bridled and brought up to

the hall-door, he would begin to neigh; and he would not stop neighing till Emily came out to mount him. As soon as he saw her, he would prance and go on as if he was wild. Presently, he would trot up to her, where she stood on the lower door-step, put out his great rough head till his nose almost touched her, and snort and neigh again; and then he would stretch his fore legs and his hind legs and bring his back as low as possible, till the coachman lifted Emily to her seat on his back.

Well, as I was saying, they went to take a morning ride; and as the weather was very delightful, and the woods full of singing birds, they rode farther than usual.

As they were riding along a narrow winding lane, overhung with trees, close by the margin of a large mill-stream that came dashing and foaming along, over the rocks and through the woods, on its way from the upland above the hill, to the green meadow below, they came suddenly upon a man dressed in a roundabout and white linen pants, that looked soiled and muddy about the ankles. He

was sitting on an old stump, by the water-side, fishing. On his right lay his hat, with a whole parcel of butterflies, and bees, and beetles stuck upon the top of it with pins, and there was a couple of small stones on the brim of the hat, to keep it from being blown away by the wind. There was also a little canvass bag, quite full of something or other, and a large hammer and chisel, such as stone-cutters use. Then, on the left, there was a long string of fish, tossed among the ferns that grew up in tufts among the rocks. The man looked as if he might be some travelling mason, fishing for his dinner. But the bugs and butterflies were not made to be eaten; and Emily, who was riding in front with the coachman, and was not always as cautious as children should be, not to give offence by talking about people, called out to her mother, just as she came to be nearly opposite, though at such a distance that she thought he could not hear her:

"La, Ma! look at that man with his hat all covered with bugs! He must be crazy!"

Now, it happens that people who live much in the woods have very quick ears, because their

hearing is not weakened by the perpetual ringing of bells, and the noise of drays and carts, and the thousand cries of great cities. The man heard what Emily said, and throwing down his fishing-rod, put on his hat, all covered with bugs as it was, rose up, turned round, and approaching the road, spoke out pretty loudly at first, and then more softly as he drew quickly near:

"Most people think other folks crazy, my little Miss Malapert, when they cannot understand what other folks are doing, or why they do it. The first man that made a boat go by steam round and round a basin or a washing tub, in the Philadelphia Court-house, some fifty years ago, was laughed at as a crazy man, and nearly starved to death in consequence, which was no laughing matter. If nobody had ever been crazy enough to stick bugs in his hat, and dig among the rocks with a hammer and chisel, it is very doubtful whether you would have had any bread and honey to eat between meals, or any nice warm coal fire to warm your fingers by, on a cold winter night."

Little Emily was so frightened when she saw

that she had been overheard, and that the man was coming towards her, that she dropped the reins on the pony's neck, and the pony stood stock still; for he always stopped short when the reins were loose; he had been so trained on purpose, that he might not run away if Emily should fall. But when the man came so near that the little girl could see his face distinctly, she knew it at once, and screamed so loud that the pony neighed again :

"Why, Ma! it's Uncle Thomas himself!"

And Uncle Thomas it was, sure enough! So they all stopped, and had a long talk together by the road-side; and Emily's mother asked Mr. Wilson—that is, Uncle Thomas—to come and take dinner with them, and he said he would.

"And then you'll tell me another story, won't you, Uncle Thomas? Everybody loves you at our house, and likes to hear you talk. Even the pony stopped when he heard you speak, though he never saw you before. Do you think that the pony is as sensible, and knows what people are saying of him, as well as dog Dash? There now! just see how he

pricks up his ears; I'm sure he must know that we are talking about him."

"My child," replied Uncle Thomas, "God has given all things that live intelligence enough to fulfil the duties for which they were created, and to make those that are dependent upon them comfortable and happy. Even the poor little fish that I have been catching so cruelly with a sharp iron hook, merely for the sake of a relish for supper, no doubt had their friends and acquaintance and their family connexions, down in the green grass at the bottom of the water; heigh ho! I am afraid we shall have a great deal to answer for in another world, in consequence of the pain and suffering we inflict upon so many innocent creatures, to gratify our selfish appetites. I never see a naughty boy teasing a kitten, or a wicked man beating a horse, without thinking that if Providence would grant me the power, I should like to make the animals and their tormentors change places for an hour or two, just to give them a taste of their own discipline; yet here am I, catching poor harmless fishes, to cook them and eat them, separating them from the little wag-

tail fathers and mothers, and sisters and brothers, and uncles and cousins; as if a fish had no feeling!"

"Ha, ha!" cried Emily; "now I am sure you are crazy. A fish to have feeling, and love its father and mother, like a boy or a girl! No, no! I can't believe that. A dog or a horse may love its master or mistress, for I am sure that my dog and my pony love me;—but a fish! No, no! that's nonsense!"

"Be not too certain, my saucy one," replied Uncle Thomas; "another day I will tell you something about fishes that may change your opinion. But it is true that those animals which live in our houses and stables, and are almost always with us, wherever we go, seem to have more intelligence than those which run wild in the woods or swim in the river or the sea. I happen to remember a story about a little pony that belonged to a little girl somewhere in New England; and after dinner perhaps I will tell you that story. I don't know your pony well enough yet, to know whether he has as much wisdom and discretion as your dog Dash, but I am sure that the New England pony was not much behind him either in intellect or affection."

They talked a good deal more, but it is not worth while to tell all that they said; and when they had done talking, Emily and her friends rode on, while Uncle Thomas went back to his fishing.

Just as the clock struck two, up drives Uncle Thomas to the hall, on a beautiful bay mare, with a clean shirt and pants and a long-tailed coat, looking as neat as if he had popped out of a band-box that very minute.

So dinner was soon served, and they ate it; but Emily dined in the nursery; which she did not much regret, because, as she said, she knew that her mother and Uncle Thomas would talk nothing but Greek at the table. When dinner was over and the company had been sitting half an hour in the drawing-room, Mr. Wilson, turning to the mother and Emily's teacher, said:

"Ladies, I know that you are accustomed to luxuriate in the *siesta*, and I beg that you will not permit my presence to operate as a counter-check to your habitual indulgences. If you will oblige me so far as to permit little Emily to make her appear-

ance, I will amuse myself with her *tête-à-tête* until you have taken your repose."

On this the ladies rose, and, in plain English, went to take a nap.

In a few minutes, Emily and Dash came bounding into the room, together as usual. I will not keep you waiting to tell you all that they said and did, but will proceed, at once, to repeat the stories that Uncle Thomas told, about ponies and dogs.

THE CHARITABLE AND THE GRATEFUL DOG.

"Last time we were together, my dear little girl," said Uncle Thomas, "I told you a story of a magnanimous dog, that knew how to punish impertinence without getting angry and losing his dignity, which people are sure to do whenever they put themselves in a passion because other folks weaker than themselves take it into their heads to behave improperly. Now I will tell you another, about a dog that was willing to risk his own life, to save that of a fellow-puppy in distress, and how the object of his charity

found means to express his gratitude towards his benefactor.

"When I was at Newburyport, four or five years ago, I called upon a gentleman on business, and we sat together some time. In one corner of the office there was a little dog, lying upon a bundle of old newspapers. He was a plain-looking, unlicked specimen of no particular breed, with rough, dirty-gray hair, under middle size, and altogether as humble and insignificant as a puppy could well be.

"When you are old enough to go to parties, you will often see there plain-looking young men and young women whom nobody appears to notice. While others with a prettier or more showy outside, are laughing and talking with great glee, and all together, so that nobody can tell what anybody says. These young people seem awkward and confused, not knowing what to do with their hands. If they attempt to walk across the room, their feet seem to be tied together or to get tangled in spite of them, so that they are afraid of being tripped up. They are glad to hide themselves in a corner, lean for a whole hour against one end of the mantel-piece,

or stow themselves close along the wall—any where to be out of the way! Yet, if you will take the trouble to talk kindly to such people, they will show themselves grateful for the slightest attention; and when you come to know them well, you will generally find them more worthy and intelligent by far, than any of the gaily-dressed talkers and laughers that are called the life of the party.

"Now I like to converse with these modest ones, (who are often called 'wall fruit,') much better than with those whom everybody praises; and it struck me that the poor little dog in the corner of my friend's office would feel very much like one of the 'wall fruit,' if he were invited to a party of sleek-looking gentlemanly pointers, curly-haired dandyish setters and spaniels, and grave, philosophical mastiffs. So while my friend and I were settling our business, I whistled to the little dog, two or three times; and each time he quietly got up, and modestly approached, looking very sheepish, walking awkwardly, and wagging his tail, sometimes from side to side and sometimes up and down, as if he had forgotten in his embarrassment which was the right way to

testify his gratitude for the notice I took of him. Then he would lick my hand, look up in my face kindly, as if to say, 'thank you, sir!' and walk back to his bundle of papers. I could hardly help laughing at these evidences that the poor dog was unaccustomed to refined society.

"When we had finished our business, my friend inquired, 'Do you see anything remarkable about that very homely little puppy?'

"'Nothing particular,' I replied. 'He seems to be a very modest dog, and I should not be surprised if his merits exceed his pretensions.'

"'He is a remarkable cur, sir, I assure you,' said my friend, 'and I must tell you something of his history.'

"'About two years ago, my little boy found him, houseless, homeless, and half starved, wandering in the street; so he brought him home for a pet. All the women in the family seemed to be set against him, for he certainly had neither beauty, nor courage, nor modest assurance to recommend him, and one or the other of these virtues seems necessary to win the heart of a woman. The cook neglected, and

sometimes abused him, but Jemmy clung to him only the more strongly, the more the poor dog was ridiculed and persecuted; for the strongest of all claims upon the affection of a generous man or a generous boy is, utter helplessness. Jemmy felt the truth of the old adage, "love me, love my dog," and he seemed determined to defend the friendless one against all enemies, because it was his own.

"'Now, as poor little Jemmy went to boarding-school last spring, the dog lost his proper protector, and, for my son's sake, I could do no less than supply his place in shielding the poor creature from the determined hostility of the cook; so I brought him here, and gave him quarters in my office, directing my servant to bring him his dinner every day, which I made it a point myself to see that he received. His meat was regularly thrown to him in the yard, behind which there is a neglected little plot of garden ground, and a gate leading out the back way, which is hung so high on its hinges that a small dog can easily creep in and out there.

"'We front upon the river, you know; and our dog, insignificant as he was, soon became a great

favourite among the sailors; for sailors are all fond of pets.

"'One day, as the clumsy little brute was standing close to the edge of the wharf, a cart-load of goods came upon him rather suddenly, while he was thinking of something a great way off—probably his young master—and, in skipping to one side, in order to escape the wheels, he fell into the river.

"'This happened at mid ebb-tide; and you know that the Merrimack has a very rapid current at that time; so the poor creature was whirled by the current far out from the land, and went drifting out to sea at a dreadful rate, making all the while a half-smothered bark of distress. Indeed, it mattered little to him whether he was near the shore or not, so far as his own exertions were concerned; for the wharves were all perpendicular, and then rose eight or ten feet above the water; so that, had he been able to reach them, he would probably have drowned before he could have been assisted.

"'Luckily it happened that among the acquaintances of our puppy, there was a noble Newfoundland dog, belonging to Mr. ——, who resides nearly

a quarter of a mile up the next street; but this dog, like naughty boys who steal molasses and sugar from the hogshead with a stick, was always found about the water side, except at meal times; and no sooner did the brave animal hear the cry of his good-natured little playmate in the water, than he pricked up his ears, snuffed the air for a moment, and then plunged in to the rescue.

"'He had to swim long and desperately even to reach the drowning puppy, but after he had taken him in his mouth, and turned towards the shore, it is astonishing that he ever succeeded in conquering the current. Yet he did succeed, and swam with his burden into a dock between two high wharves.

"'Here, however, he was in as great difficulty as ever; for it was impossible for him to climb the perpendicular wharf, even without the weight of another dog in his mouth. So he swam about till he was almost exhausted, hunting for a foot-hold. At last he found a hole between the logs, made by a wharf rat, just above the water, and thrusting one paw into it, with much difficulty, he held on dog-fully, and uttered a kind of howl, as loud as he

could without letting go his hold on the little dog's neck.

"'Now it happened that the mate of a vessel who knew both the dogs and their masters, was standing near at the time. He heard the howl and the splashing in the water; so he looked over into the dock, and understood the case in a moment, and running to his vessel he sang out to one of the men: "Heave me that coil of spare royal halyard, Jack, and bear away a couple of you! There's trouble here, to leeward. Jump, men, jump! spring with a will!"

"'He caught the line as it was thrown, and ran back to the place where the dogs were struggling, followed by two of his hands. Then he took *a double half hitch* with the line round a post that stood near, and telling the sailors to *stand by to light up* when he ordered them, he seized the line, and went down, *hand over hand*, to the assistance of the dogs.

"'Being a very strong man, he hung on to the line with his feet and one hand, while, with the other, he caught the large dog by the fore leg, and

calling to his men, they were all drawn up together, till his hand was pinched against the edge of the wharf. "Avast there, and belay!" cried the mate. The men stopped pulling, and the next instant both dogs were safe on dry land again. So the mate picked up the poor half-drowned puppy, and being almost as wet himself, he carried him in his arms to my office, and says he, "Mr. ——, I wish you would teach your *landlubbers* to keep out of the way of the water. If it had not been for that old sea-dog of Mr. ——, this marine of yours would have found his way to Davy's locker by this time," and then he told me the whole story.'

"That is all very well," said I to my friend; "Newfoundlanders often do such generous things, but it does not tell much in favour of this poor little beast."

"'You must hear what followed, and then you may judge for yourself. I don't know how it was, but I could not help loving the good-for-nothing cur the better, for his narrow escape. So I fed him more plentifully, but I soon found that he always laid aside one of the largest and best pieces

of his dinner, and when he had finished eating the remainder, he would carry this piece into the garden. I concluded, of course, that he buried it there, as provident dogs will do when they have too much, laying up the balance for a rainy day, and I ordered the servant not to bring him quite so much meat for the future.

"'I soon found, however, that the dog still laid aside a part of his dinner every day, as before, though he became lean and spiritless, and looked more and more disconsolate. This was so strange that I thought I would watch his proceedings more closely; so one day, I kept my station at the back window till he had finished his meal, and saw him carry away the piece which he had saved. Instead of stopping to bury it in the garden, he carried it to the back gate, and crept under it. I immediately went to the front door, and watched the end of the alley till the dog came trotting out with the meat in his mouth, and I saw with surprise that he turned the corner of the next street.

"'Determined to see the end of this matter, I followed at a little distance, so as not to attract his

attention, until I actually saw him creep under Mr. ——'s gate, where his Newfoundland friend resides; so I walked up very quickly, and threw open the gate. Now, sir, it is a positive fact that I saw that good-for-nothing little cur walk up directly in front of the Newfoundlander who had saved him from drowning, and drop the meat on the ground! While the large dog was eating it, the little one stood by, wagging his tail, sometimes up and down and sometimes sideways, with the greatest satisfaction, just as you have seen him do to-day, though the poor creature was evidently hungry himself.

"'Now, Mr. Wilson, I assure you, that from that day to this, the little beast regularly carries a share of his dinner to his noble-spirited friend, and will not quit him till he sees it eaten! On Saturdays I give him a double allowance, and sometimes he almost staggers under the weight of a big bone, thrown to him for sport, as he trudges along to present it to his friend. Let any man tell me that dogs have no souls after this! What a beautiful world this would be, if all men were like that poor little puppy!'

"And now tell me, Emily dear," continued Uncle Thomas, "don't you think my friend was pretty nearly right?"

Emily thought for a long time before she spoke, and when she did look up, she only said:

"But, Uncle Thomas, you know that you told me before that you thought dogs were very wise sometimes; now I want to know if ponies can think and be kind to others, as well as dogs."

"Well, my child," he replied, "I will tell you a very short story about a pony, and then you can make up your mind as you please." And he told her the following tale.

PATTY AND HER PONY.

"There was a little girl in Vermont, some twelve or fifteen years ago, but I forget her name; so we'll call her Patty, for want of a better. She lived somewhere not very far from Woodstock near the Green Mountains, if I remember right, and there is no place in the world that can show finer girls than that part of Vermont.

"Patty was much older than you, and she's a woman grown now, but even then she was old enough to ride about the country, ever so far from home, on horseback; and she was very fond of riding out early in the morning and towards sunset to look at the woods on the mountain side and the peaks and valleys, as the light clouds rested themselves among the tree-tops for a while, and then gently floated away, to gather themselves somewhere else and shed their rain, to make the grass grow. She liked to look upon the mountains when the sunshine and shadows tinged their blue summits with purple and green and yellow tints; for, mountains when seen far off appear almost as blue as the sky. You may often mistake them for dark clouds, and sometimes the sun tinges the mist that usually hangs about them in the evening, with colours such as you see in the heavens; so that you cannot tell where the mountain ends and where the sky begins.

"Patty had a pony which she always rode on these occasions. He was not like your pony, for he was a great deal larger; his hair was a great deal smoother and his head did not look half so big. But

he was a very gentle beast, and seemed to love her very much; he would dance and neigh if she came near the stable, even before he could see her; for, horses have quick ears and a keen scent.

"One day, Patty rode farther from home than usual, and she was tempted to go far up one of the mountain valleys or gorges as they are called.

"Through this gorge, a very large brook,—or as we Americans improperly call it, '*creek*,'—came rushing down to the lowlands on its way to the Connecticut River. In some places it was calm, slow and deep, except when there was rain in the mountains and the streams were in flood; but, in other places it roared and chafed and foamed among the rocks or leaped over ledges several feet high, in regular waterfalls. It was a beautiful brook, and looked so sweet that no one would suppose it would ever do any mischief: yet almost every spring it would rise so high and behave so fiercely that it sometimes tore away mill-dams and even rocks, and drove the people on its banks out of their houses in the dead of the night and kept them in the cold, on the mountain-side, till morning.

"People thought that it looked best when there was a slight fresh; for then, it made the woods echo with its grand music, like an organ, and yet it was still safe to ride by its side, because at such times it did not sweep away the bridges or overflow the road, though its current was then very rapid even in the deepest places.

"Such was the condition of the brook when Patty came gently trotting along its margin, crossing by little bridges of plank without any side railings as the road wound about, now on one side of the stream and then on the other. When she had travelled about two miles up the current, she came to a place where it was broad and deep, though as there had been rain in the hills that day, it was quite swift. Here it passed several hundred yards along the middle of a little bright green meadow, overshadowed by high rocks on either hand. There was a beautiful cascade, or what Scotch people call a *linn*, at the upper end of this meadow, and another at the lower end; and the road crossing the stream just below the upper *linn* became steep and difficult on the opposite side, where the forest hung darkly

over the water, and everything around looked grand and savage.

"Patty rode over the bridge; and, being charmed with the scenery and the music of the waterfalls, she dismounted at the foot of the hill, tied her pony to a sassafras tree, and climbed up to a sweet little bower of wild grapes, that twined themselves together and piled themselves up over a chink of the rocks, from which a rill as pure as liquid diamond came trickling forth among the mouse-ears and the wood anemones of early spring; and there she sat, all alone, in the silence of the wood, with nothing but her own innocent thoughts to keep her company, yet she was not afraid. The little squirrels came tumbling from bough to bough around her, as they chattered and fought with each other about what they had left of last year's hickory nuts in their little granaries, down at the root of some hollow tree, like ill-natured husbands and wives, when they can't agree whether they will have corned beef or broiled ham and eggs for dinner; but she did not hear them. The summer red-bird came glancing along like a meteor over the dry leaves, as if he would set the

bushes on fire with his flaming plumage, but she did not see him. Her thoughts were far away, as she sat there unconsciously listening to the roar of the waterfalls as they spread their dreamy music around her. I would give a dollar to know what Patty was thinking about that lovely afternoon; I'd print it in a book, if I could!

"But, at last, the woods seemed to grow darker; the sound of the dashing water came more gently on her ear. Now and then, a frog would pipe his shrill note in the meadow, like a musician when he begins to tune his instrument. The wood thrush, away up in the very top of the tallest tree on the mountain side, gave out his three or four clear exquisite notes, and finished with a long trill, like the sound of a little silver bell. Then I know what Patty thought of: she suddenly found that the air was getting to be cold and damp, and she thought that it was high time to ride home to tea.

"So she tripped down to the road, untied her pony, drew him up close to the fence, and sprang upon his back. Now, her head was so full of something that came into it just as she was leaving the

grape-vine bower, that as she was riding over the bridge, on a canter, she burst into a merry laugh and forgot all about managing the reins; and she let them slacken till they fell loose upon the horse's neck. But her pony was not trained to stop when the reins were slackened, and it is very dangerous to ride in that way; for it makes the horse as careless as the rider, and he is very apt to stumble.

"It happened that one of the planks near the middle of the little bridge was very much warped by the sun and the vapour from the water, so that one edge was turned up two or three inches; and the pony in cantering merrily along,—for he knew that he was going home, and wanted his supper too —brought both his fore feet against this edge, and fell with his nose to the ground, so as to turn almost over and over, and hurt his neck very much.

"Of course poor Patty was thrown, and as they were going very fast and the horse fell on his side, she was thrown to a great distance. She gave one loud scream, and the next moment, she was plunged into the deep current, which swept her away towards the linn at the lower end of the meadow.

"People are apt to laugh at the quantity of clothing that some women wear, but it was well for Patty that day, that she was thickly dressed; for her clothes alone prevented her from sinking to rise no more.

"Now when the pony had succeeded in rising, he looked around for his mistress; and when he saw her floating away down the deep water, he put back his ears, stretched out his neck, and his mane and tail rose up, while his nostrils grew red and were stretched wide open; then, with his fore feet close to the edge of the bridge, he gave such a neigh! you might have heard it a mile! There are few sounds more distressing than the neighing of a terror-stricken horse.

"But Patty's pony was not disposed to lose his mistress without a struggle. In a few moments, he raised his head and looked down the stream, first on one side and then on the other, and it would seem that he not only reasoned, but reasoned well. On the side from which he had been driven on to the bridge, he saw that the shore of the meadow sloped gradually down to the water, for a considerable distance below the bridge, and then formed a steep bank

till it approached the lower linn; while, on the other side, the bank was lined with a thick growth of briers, through which a horse could not pass except at one place far down the stream, where it appeared that cattle had formerly gone to water.

"The pony seemed to know that his mistress had drifted too far for him to reach her in time to save her, if he should jump into the brook at the bridge and swim towards her; for horses can run much faster than they can swim; so instead of giving up in despair, or trotting home alone to his supper, as most horses would have done, he wheeled suddenly round, dashed over the bridge to the place where Patty had mounted, leaped the fence into the meadow, and instead of stopping right opposite where the poor girl was floating, he ran down to the very end of the sloping bank, and plunging into the water, partly waded and partly swam out to the middle of the current. Then turning his head up stream, he continued breasting the current with all his might, till Patty floated down to him, when he seized her thick clothes in his teeth, and bravely carrying her towards the opposite bank,

made good his landing where the cattle coming to water had trampled the bushes, and there he laid her down, fainting and nearly insensible, in a pennyroyal swamp.

"When Patty came fully to herself, there was the pony standing over her with his nose touching her cheek; and as soon as he saw that she knew him, didn't he neigh, and caper, and prance? I guess he did; and a happy pony was he!

"It was almost dark when Patty, all dripping, wet and cold, gathered strength enough to mount her pony once more, and trotted home to her terrified father and mother.

"And now, Emily," said Uncle Thomas, "don't you think that Patty's pony had as warm a heart in his bosom as the little puppy of Newburyport?"

"I don't know what to think!" said Emily, after thinking a good while; "my teacher tells me that you are a very wild strange man in your notions about animals, and that all these things that you say come from reason, are nothing but instinct. But," she continued, after a short pause, "I often ask

Mrs. —— what is the difference between instinct and reason, and she never can make me understand it at all! And now won't you tell me something about fishes, as you promised!"

"Not at present, my dear," said Uncle Thomas, "for here come your mother and teacher, to talk Greek, as you call it. They have finished their nap."

So Emily went out to play with Dash, and did not come back again till Uncle Thomas was gone.

THE LITTLE SOLDIER.

THE LITTLE SOLDIER;

OR, ONE DAY AT THE CASTLE.

BY COUSIN PETER.

HENRY DELANCY was a fine boy. He was nearly eleven years old. He had two sisters, and a mother; but his father was dead. The oldest sister, Jane, was almost a woman, but the youngest sister, Mary, was a darling little girl of five.

Now all these people had lived ever since Mary was born, in a very great city, where they had a very large house, filled with pictures and costly chandeliers and very rich furniture; and Mary had never been in the country in all her life. But Henry, when he came home from boarding-school at the last Christmas holidays, had so much to tell her about the woods and the wild flowers, the horses and cattle, and the dear little birds that sing so sweetly in the early morning, or just as the sun goes down, that she wanted very much to go and

see them, and was constantly teasing her mother to take her into the country.

It appeared, however, that her mother could not bear to think of going out of town. She seemed to be always sad and gloomy, and often went up stairs to cry, after dinner. Mary knew that she went up to cry, for her eyes were always very red when she came down again.

At such times, Mary would often ask her sister Jane why her mother looked so sorry whenever she talked about the country, where brother Harry said everything looked so beautiful and smelt so sweet, but Jane only told her never to talk of such things to her mother, and when she grew bigger, she should know all about it.

Now it happened that just about midsummer Henry's preceptor was married, and all the boys in the school had holidays for two whole weeks. So Harry came home, and a very happy boy was he—that is, for a little while. He danced, and he sung, and he kissed his mother and sisters, twenty times in a day; till even his mother had to laugh, and say:

"Harry, my dear boy, I am delighted to see you so happy, but you must really have some regard for appearances. Do not devour your sisters. See what a muss you have made of Jane's new *barege* dress, and how you have tossed Mary's hair about her shoulders, till the poor girls are neither of them fit to be seen! Suppose any visiter should happen to call just now!"

But after two days had passed, Henry began to look dull. He did not dance and sing any more. He gaped three times after dinner, and actually went to sleep in his chair an hour before bedtime. So, on the morning of the fourth day, he turned to his mother and said:

"Mother, how can you bear to live here all summer, closed up within these hot stone walls, when you might be down at the Castle, enjoying all the beauty of the green fields and the fine old woods? Let us go down to the Castle, and spend a day before I go back to school! We have not been there since——"

But here he stopped suddenly, for he saw that his mother had her large white cambric handker-

chief to her eyes: and, after a few minutes he added:

"Well, mother; if you won't go yourself, at least you might let Jane and Mary and me go down for two or three days, for you know I love the Castle better than any other place, because I played there when I was a little boy, and I know every pool along the brook where there is a fish to be caught, and every bush where there was a bird's nest. I want to shoot a pheasant for Jane, and snare a rabbit for Mary. Let us go, will you not, mother?"

"Where is the Castle?—What is the Castle?—I never heard of the Castle before," said Mary.

"Hush, hush!" replied her sister; "don't you see that mother is crying?"

Lady —— seemed to be very much affected by this conversation among her little ones; but summoning a mother's courage from the depth of a mother's affection, she presently checked her tears, let her white handkerchief fall into her lap, and smiling with kindness, but very sorrowfully, as the sun sometimes smiles, on a summer's evening,

through a hole in a cloud, when it has just done raining, she said:

"I own it is selfish in me, my dear children, to depress your gay spirits by what everybody must regard as unreasonable sorrow. Time *should* soften all memories, however bitter, but it may be that my pride has been designedly and properly punished by a disposition which seems to make me in love with grief, and a memory that will not die. No, Henry; I will not go to the Castle. The sound of your gun in the park would harrow up my feelings, and the sight of the banners and the old armour in the hall would plunge me into gloom too deep for bearing. But go, Henry, the Castle is your own, or will be when you are a man; and why should I wish to restrain a man and a Delancy in the enjoyment of those possessions which his station in life and the laws of his country secure to him, merely because their associations may lead him into a career which all the world pronounces honourable and proper to the heir of an honourable line, though those associations, and the halo of glory that surrounds your lonely turrets may have left me

desolate? What signifies the life or happiness of woman, in the great battle-field of life?" Then, after a solemn pause of thought, she added: "Yes, Henry; you may go to the Castle to-morrow, and your sisters may go with you. The old steward will be glad to see you, and the tenantry will make much of you for your father's sake. Take good care of yourself and sisters, and return to town on Thursday. Tell the coachman to call on me before breakfast, and I will give him his orders." So saying, she gave a deep sigh, and went up stairs.

Next day all was bustle among the children and the servants, the people of the Castle and the tenantry. A man dashed off that very night to tell the old steward that young Master Hal and his sisters were coming down to spend some days; so that he might have the great hall aired, and the two principal chambers properly warmed. In town, there was a terrible packing up of clothes and hurrying hither and thither of trunks and band-boxes in the house, and a wild neighing of horses, rattling of harness, and barking of great spotted Dalmatian coach-dogs at the stable. The mother

and children breakfasted together in silence; for though they had made up their minds to separate for a few days, and three of them anticipated a great deal of pleasure, there is always a feeling of sorrow at parting from those whom we love, for any length of time, however short, and so they could not speak. But presently a splendid coach-and-four drove up to the door of the mansion, with a driver and maid in front and two footmen behind. The children sprang from their seats, and while the servants were stowing the trunks, each ran for some favourite article of baggage, Henry for his flute-case and his fowling-piece, Jane for her sun-bonnet and her parasol, and little Mary for her tambourine and a handkerchief full of spiced ginger nuts. Then they all flew to their mother, kissed her again and again, jumped into the coach, and away they went.

At first, they were delighted to see the trees and the fences running back as they passed, as if they themselves were standing still and all the world besides was in motion. Little Mary wanted to know why the groves and trees at a distance seemed to be dancing round and round in rings, while those

by the road-side were running along in straight lines; she could not understand the figure; and Harry, though a young philosopher who thought himself almost ready for college, could not explain it to her.

Away they went, hour after hour, over the bridges, and through the little brooks, and past the beautiful cottages, never stopping except to water the horses, till dinner-time, and while they were dining they changed their team.

When dinner was over, they took their places again, and the coach dashed along more rapidly than ever, but they began to be very much fatigued, and were not disposed to talk. Hour after hour they dashed along, but now they were constantly looking forward to see if they were not near the Castle. The trees at a distance were done dancing in circles, and merely appeared to step aside quietly to let them pass. The fences, and cottages seemed tired of running, and walked slowly by, as if they were lame. "Heigh ho!" said Mary, "I wonder if we shall ever get there!"

Well, at last it was sundown, and all the children

began to nod. Indeed, little Mary had just gone fairly to sleep, when the coach wheeled rapidly round the corner of a great rock that had been hewn away in part, to make room for the road, and Harry cried out, "There it is!"

All the children thrust their heads out to see what he meant; and sure enough, on the top of a hill about a mile off, there was a great building with high narrow windows, like those of a Gothic church, only that they were still narrower. And on the top of the walls there were places left open at regular intervals, with very stout pieces of wall between them. These are what people in other countries call *embrasures* and *parapets;* but there are no such things to be seen in America, except in forts. There is not in all our country a house made for people to live in, that looks anything like this Castle, and I hope there never will be. If there had never been such a house in England either, little Mary's mother would not have gone up stairs so often, to cry.

Now, when the children first saw the Castle, it looked as if it was on fire inside, for the large

windows of the hall were flashing with the bright light of the great coal fires on the hearths, and at the smaller windows above, there were a heap of candles burning.

"What does all that mean?" asked Henry of the coachman, who had been many years in the service of the family.

"Oh! it's only the poor old steward that has done it, your honour. He loved your brave father dearly, and I suppose he thought that he must love your father's son as much; so he has illuminated the Castle, and we shall meet all the tenants in front of the hall to welcome the young master."

"Yes, my father was brave," murmured Henry, thoughtfully, "and I must be brave too! The Delancys have all been brave."

"Henry," said his sister, "for mercy's sake do not say that before mother, or you'll break her heart."

"Poor mother!" he replied; "but women never will understand these things rightly."

"Was it naughty in Pa to be brave, sister Jane?" innocently inquired little Emily, after a pause of many minutes.

Jane was about to reply as well as she could, but just then the coach suddenly stopped before a large iron gate, between two lodges, where there were a great many people standing inside, some of them with lanterns in their hands. Jane had just time to say, "Hush! Mary dear, I will tell you all about that to-morrow;" when the large gate flew open, and out rushed the crowd and seized upon the horses. Mary was so frightened that she screamed, but Jane drew her close to her side and whispered in her ear, "Don't be alarmed, my dear; this is only their way of telling us how very glad they are to see us!" and though she continued to tremble, and nestle close to Jane, she remained quiet to observe what was coming.

Instantly the horses were loosed from the carriage and tied to some neighbouring trees, while two long ropes were attached to the tongue; then the people, taking hold of the ropes, ran dragging them forward almost as fast as the horses had dragged them before, hallooing and yelling and waving their great lanterns like a parcel of crazy people let loose—but no! That comparison will not do, for crazy people are

often very reasonable and quiet,—let us say, like a parcel of firemen and boys, in a false alarm.

Away they went across the lawn, and along the winding gravel-walk, and through the Castle yard, up to the great hall-door; and there, there were more people than ever; and on the top step was a venerable old gray-headed man with a long stick in his hand, surrounded by a parcel of servants in rich livery, and well-dressed maids and waiting women: and when the coach stopped, the men all sent up nine loud huzzas; for the old gray-headed man waved his stick nine times to tell them when to shout.

So then the steps of the coach were let down, and Harry and his sisters got out, the two footmen standing one on each side; and as they walked up to the door, the people parted before them and stood with their hats off. Every now and then, some one in the crowd would say, "God bless the young master! his father was a brave man, and his grandfather before him;" and another would reply, "Sure this one will be as brave as the last. Isn't it in his bright gray eyes that I see that same!" "And what

won'er o'that, mon!" a third would cry, "Was there ever a Delancy that wad na feight when the bluid was up?" Some were there, also, who sighed as they passed, and whispered to each other, "God bless the sweet young ladies too! This bravery is all very well for the men, but for the women—Heaven help us! May they have better luck than the old mistress!"

Now Mary heard all these speeches, but she could not understand their meaning; for whenever she asked any questions about her father, her mother would cry, and Jane would only say, "Hush, hush, Mary; you will know more about such things when you are older."

When they came up to where the old man was standing on the upper step, he bowed very low, and said:

"Ye're welcome to the halls of your fathers, my young master. I have served your forebears for two generations, and it shall never be said that while old John Peters is able to totter along from chapel to chamber, there was ever a steward to the brave Delancys except him who armed the Colonel for Culloden and the Captain for America. When

the King and the fame of Old England call for stout hearts and strong arms, the Delancys were always in the van. Ye're welcome, thrice welcome to your own, and my young ladies too! When I think of my lady, their mother—Excuse me, ladies, but I can't help it!" and the old man wept as he turned to lead them to the hall.

There the young folks had a delightful supper of fish and game, provided by the old steward, and then they all went to bed; for they were so very tired that they could not go round and see the Castle by moonlight. Perhaps it is as well that they did not, for, the shadows from the old painted glass looked so strange and unearthly as they danced about the floors while the wind was rattling the loose and time-shrunken windows, that these wild images, together with the slight fever produced by fatigue and travelling, would probably have given them a night of terrible dreams. However, as it was, they slept most soundly till a late hour the next morning, and breakfast was waiting for them long before they were up.

As soon as breakfast was over, off they went, all over the old rooms hung round with rusty armour

and tapestry that had been worn full of holes by time, telling terrible stories of war, rapine and ruin in former days; but these are things that interest older people, who love to look back at the past, more than they do the young, who are always looking forward to the future: so, they soon hurried away to the newer part of the buildings, which had been modernized, as they call it, for the Castle was many hundred years old, and was once the property of certain ancestors of the Delancys that bore a still nobler name—not that they were any better or braver people, but because kings had appointed them to carry on war and rapine on a broader scale.

The girls seemed to care more for the prospect, the beautiful trees, with the turrets of the old castle rising proudly above them, and the broad river winding away to the sea, all covered with white sails, than they did for any of the records of former greatness. So Jane soon chose a seat for herself, on some granite steps in the open air, under shadow of the wall; and little Mary, bringing her tambourine, amused herself with dancing and play, while

her sister seemed to forget everything around her, and looked very sober and thoughtful as she gazed over the tops of the dark forest which surrounded the castle on three sides.

Boys will be boys, however; and it was not long before they heard a terrible noise in a neighbouring apartment, where the Colonel, their grandfather, had stored away the trophies of many a well-fought field, and the arms of a company of yeomanry which he once commanded in his youth, but which had been long since disbanded. Harry had seized upon a great kettle-drum, and was beating it till the old halls rang again. Presently he dragged it out to the place where Jane was sitting, and though she tried to persuade him to take it back, he would not do so, but went in again and brought a whole heap of musical instruments and a great flag that had three or four bullet-holes through it; and he began playing, first upon one instrument and then another, though he did not understand any of them, until his sisters had to stop their ears, and Jane said, laughing,

"You are a true Delancy, Harry; for there never was a quarrel but a Delancy must take a part in it, and you seem to have a happy capacity for discord, though you are not yet in your teens."

At last Harry found a little cannon, that had been one of his father's toys when a boy, like himself, and he set it upon a parapet in front of his sisters, loaded it with powder, brought a coal of fire, and was just going to set it off, when little Mary ran up directly in front of it.

Henry lowered the match instantly, and Jane cried out, "Be careful at least, Harry. What would mother say if any of us were to be hurt with powder, when the very name will give her a crying spell for an hour!"

"What is it? what is it for?" said Mary, as she laid her hand upon the toy; for she had never seen such a thing before.

"Don't touch it, my love," replied her sister; "it might kill you if it were to go off."

Mary ran and threw herself into her sister's lap for protection, as she screamed, "Take it away,

Harry, take it away! What is it for? what is the use of it?"

"Why, it's a cannon, to be sure!" said Henry.

"And what is a cannon?" she inquired.

"It is a thing made for brave people to fight with, when the enemies of the country insult our flag, or come to rob us," returned her brother; "just hear what a noble voice it has," and he applied the match.

Off went the cannon—*bang!* And Mary clung closer, closer to her sister's neck, actually crying with fright.

"There," said Harry, "that's the way that grandfather gave it to the rebels at the battle of Culloden, and father at Guilford in America. When I am a man I intend to go to war too. Did not the tenants say last night, as we walked up to the door, that I should be as brave as my father or grandfather?"

"But, Henry," replied Jane, "you forget that your grandfather, though he won new honour for an ancient name, fell at that very battle of Culloden,

leaving his children, and your father among them, when the oldest, Lady Mary, was not older than her little namesake here. Do you not remember that the news of that engagement broke your grandmother's heart? Have you forgotten that the gazette which proclaimed your father's gallantry at Guilford was scarcely dry, when the terrible letter arrived which told of his death by one of those very cannon that you are so fond of playing with? You are the only son of your mother, Henry; for five generations, every Delancy has fallen in battle. It is the feeling that there is a kind of fatality hanging over the race, condemning every male to death by violence, and every female to a broken heart, that renders our mother so sad, and deprives her of all pleasure in her children, though she loves them so dearly! If you should say a word to her about joining the army, she would consider you as already lost, and would not live even to hear of your fame. Give up playing with drums and powder then, dear brother! Do but tell mother you have resolved on this, and we shall see her smile again once more!"

"How naughty Pa must have been," said Emily, "to be so brave and to make mother so wretched! There, go and put away that naughty cannon, that's a good boy!"

"Hush, sis!" replied Jane, "you must not speak ill of your poor father! Bravery is a good thing in a man. Without it there would be none left to protect the weak. How should we keep robbers out of the house, or travel through the country in safety, if there were none brave enough to defend us?"

"But could not father stay at home and be brave? I do not see the use of his going all the way to America, to fire cannon at people that he never saw and get shot at last, just to show how brave he was. If he had stayed at home, he might have protected us till Henry was big enough to help him, instead of dying and leaving all that to mother, who is such a coward."

"You see, Jane," remarked Henry, who had been made quite thoughtful for a moment, under the strong appeal of his sister, "it is ever so with you women!—selfish, always selfish!—Suppose that all the men in England were to stay at home to take care

of their wives and children, how long would it be before the French or the Spaniards or the Dutch would be taking all our ships from us, and landing on our shores to rob our towns and burn our factories?—No, no! It must not be said that the last of the Delancys stayed quietly at home, to look after the growing of wheat or the raising of cattle, when the flag of Old England was insulted or her honour demanded his arm."

And little Harry seemed to grow larger, as his form became erect, his shoulders were drawn back, his bosom heaved, and his eye flashed with the spirit of his ancestors. He looked as he felt—a hero!

"But, brother," asked little Mary, "what took father to America? Did he go there to keep the French and the Spaniards and the Dutch from taking our ships and burning our houses? I heard your playmate, Charley Smith, say, one day, when he was talking to you about his own country —for you told me, when you brought him to see us last Christmas, that he was an American, though he was almost as white as you are—that one of the first

things the British did when they began to fight there, was to burn a nice little town, near Boston, and drive all the people away into the country. What business had father to help these wicked men in burning other people's houses? Sister says that men ought to be brave, that they may protect their wives and children; and you say that they ought to be brave, to defend the honour of Old England. Now, if father was brave when he went to defend the honour of Old England, by helping to burn houses in America, then the Americans must have been brave too, when they fought to protect their wives and children. So, Harry, as you can be brave anywhere, just as you please, don't be a soldier and go to burn houses and get shot, away over the sea; but stay with mother and sister and me, like a good boy, and be brave at home:—won't you? Then, you know, if anybody should be so wicked as to come here to burn our factories or rob our towns, you will be here to drive them back, as the Americans did the bad men who burned the little town near Boston!"

Henry seemed more puzzled by the argument of Mary than even by that of his older sister; for he

had never before conceived that the justice of the quarrel had anything to do with the true glory of the soldier, or that it might be more honourable to remain at home, to protect those who are near and dear to us, than to carry havoc and ruin abroad, for the sake of false fame. He hung his head and was silent.

Jane left him to his own reflections for a few minutes, and then quietly remarked :

"I have often heard my poor dear father say that the bravest animal in all creation was a bantam-cock. He will strike at a horse or an elephant as willingly as if it were a rival of its own feathered tribe ; while a General who stands before a battery of cannon as coolly as if on parade, because he is accustomed to it, trembles with alarm by the bedside of a patient with the plague.—One of the bravest Generals in France was afraid of a cat! So, Henry, do not refuse to listen to reason, though it come from the lips of a little girl now scarcely five years old. The courage that leads men into battle is but a brutal virtue ; and in this, as well as all other instincts, the brute excels the man ; but the courage that leads a

man to do his duty without regard to what the world may say, is a virtue found only among men, and not in many, even among them. Had not your father been brought up from infancy by those who worshipped military glory—had he not played with warlike toys, and listened to the praises of the valour of his ancestors from the old steward, who had been engaged for many years among the most stormy scenes of border warfare, and had there contracted the habits and opinions of an almost savage race of ignorant and passionate men, he never would have been a soldier. His last words to our mother when he left her to join Cornwallis in America were these: 'Jane, there is no honour in an unjust quarrel. The robber and the pirate have courage equal, if not superior to that of the soldier, and there is no true glory in mere courage. This quarrel is unjust!'—'Then why will you leave us, George,' said our mother, 'to do a deed your conscience disapproves?'—'Because I am a coward, Jane,' he answered; 'I dare not meet the sneer of those who would say, Delancy cannot be the son of his father. A soldier is a slave, and has no business with a conscience,'

Henry, your mother never smiled since then, as once she used to smile!"

His sister paused. Henry stood looking on the ground for several minutes, in deep thought, when little Mary, stealing silently behind him, took his hand in hers and, looking up in his face with tears in her eyes, murmured, half-sobbing,

"Harry! now you wouldn't be a bantam-cock; would you?"

The reader may laugh, but Henry did not laugh. He turned and walked away. They saw him go out of the Castle gate, and turn towards the grove that skirted the river. Dinner-time came, and no Henry. "Do not fear for him or disturb him," said Jane, to the anxious old steward; "he has matter enough to digest in his mind, without eating, poor boy, for this day at least."

At last, when night was approaching, and even Jane began to be uneasy, Henry re-entered the Castle, and went immediately to his room. The children were assembled at supper, but not a word was spoken; and, very early in the evening, they retired to bed.

Next morning when breakfast was over, the coach-and-four was driven up to the door, and the luggage being stowed, the children retook their places, and away they dashed to the city again: but, though Mary was prattling all the way, and asking Jane a thousand questions about everything they saw, Henry scarcely opened his lips till the coach drew up in front of his mother's residence.

The mother was anxiously awaiting their return; and while Jane and Mary were giving directions about their trunks and bandboxes, Harry rushed into the hall, and throwing himself into her arms exclaimed:

"Mother! dear mother! Do smile once more as you were used to smile, before I went to school; for I won't be a coward, I won't——indeed I won't! I've made up my mind that I'll never be a soldier."

BIRDS AND FISHES.

OR, A LAST VISIT FROM UNCLE THOMAS.

MANY weeks had gone by, after the last visit of Uncle Thomas. The sun shone paler, giving a more melancholy light, and the woods and fields looked almost tired out with the long summer's work.

Emily was romping with Dash in the parlour, and had just picked up a picture of a half-sleepy, little girl, playing with a bird. It had fallen from her portfolio, and Dash had put his paw on it.

Just then, she heard the merry cantering of a horse, making the gravel-stones fly, right and left, as the animal danced gaily up to the door, and stopped. She ran to the window to see who was coming, and there, sure enough, was Uncle Thomas, dressed out as fine as could be, with a new suit of clothes on, and a ruffled shirt!

"Oh, Uncle!" said Emily, as she sprang to the hall door to meet him; "I am so glad to see you! Did you see mother as you came along? She's gone to town. Look here! I can't tell what kind of a bird this is, that the little girl is playing with, in the picture: won't you tell me?"

Uncle Thomas smiled, as Emily, with sparkling eyes, tried to drag him along to the parlour.

"I did see your mother as we passed upon the road," said he. "She told me that you were alone here, and I thought I would come and chat with you for an hour. So, hand me the picture, little one!"

As Uncle Thomas sat down on the sofa, little Emily jumped into his lap. He took the picture, and began to tell

ALL ABOUT BIRDS.

"Painters, my dear little girl, seldom know much about the true shape or colour of either birds or beasts, though they make very pretty pictures. Now in this case, for instance, the wings and

tail might almost do for a crow; but crows never have round heads. The feet, the manner of standing, and the beak would do for a falcon, but falcons never eat fruit; and you see that this little girl has just hopped out of bed in the morning, to feed her favourite with cherries. If I knew what it likes best for dinner, and how it builds its nest, I could probably tell what it is; but never mind! It is a very pretty bird, and you may call it whatever you please."

"Why, Uncle," asked little Emily, "can't birds eat what they please, and build houses just as they choose?"

"Very far from it, my dear!" replied the old gentleman. "Providence has given to every living creature, and indeed everything that has not life, also, its sphere or round of usefulness; and although each living being may do as it pleases within that round, it is not permitted to go any farther, without punishment or destruction; because, if it were allowed to do so, it might jar the whole world by its folly and impertinence in interfering with what it

does not understand. If you show me a bird's nest, I can generally tell you a great deal about the habits of the builder; because the house is always pretty well adapted to the wants of the tenant, though, in little things, instinct may err as well as reason. For instance: the Baltimore Oriole or American hanging-bird, builds her nest of sticks, tow, cotton, and the down of ferns. She forms it into a nice little bag, with a very narrow opening, and fastens this bag, usually, with the fibres of some plant, to one of the slenderest twigs of a high tree; and she takes all this trouble to keep the black-snake from stealing her eggs, or killing her young, though, when she is first married, she may never have seen a black-snake! Yet I knew of a hanging-bird once,—a lazy bird she was—that took a fancy to Miss Polly ——'s lace cap, as it hung upon the line to dry. So what did she do but untie the cap from the line, and fly away to her chosen tree in the orchard, to make a nest in it. Had this bird been quite as discreet as she was cunning, she would not have run such a risk

as to trust her little ones in a piece of woman's finery, unless she could have covered it up more completely than her slender mechanical skill enabled her to do. In early cherry-time, Polly saw the strings of her lost cap waving with the wind, over the mouth of her nest, and I rather think that the old hanging-birds and their callow young had to 'lay out of nights,' that season, before it was quite convenient. Now here, the bird had a freewill to do just as she pleased about stealing the cap, but she could not prevent Polly from getting angry, and turning her little ones out of house and home, to die of a cold, or be eaten up by snakes."

"Now, Uncle, you don't believe that little birds ever mean to steal on purpose!" said Emily.

"Possibly not, my child: but be that as it may, some of them have terribly bad reputations," returned Uncle Thomas; "thus, for instance, the crow is a great thief, and he does not even confine himself to purloining things that are fit to be eaten, or such as he can make real use of; for he will carry off rings and jewelry, and any clothes light enough for him to carry. Crows are such great

adepts at this game, that practised human thieves not unfrequently train them to carry on the business near home, while they are wandering abroad.

"Did you never see a couple of king-birds, not much bigger than sparrows, chasing a crow? They will rise up above him, and hawk at him continually, for miles, and not unfrequently succeed in killing him. Whenever you see this, you may be sure that the unfortunate old gentleman in black has been making free with the little birds' eggs!

"There are some birds that are still more regardless of the rights of their neighbours; for, not content with sucking their eggs, or eating their little ones, they actually put them to the trouble and expense of rearing and educating the young of their enemy! Thus, the cuckoo deposits its eggs in the nests of smaller birds, one only in each nest, and when these are hatched by the care of the foster-parents, the young intruders grow so fast that they soon fill up all the room, and quietly kick out the proper children, to die on the grass or among the dry leaves."

"How cruel!" cried Emily; "I shall never love

a cuckoo as long as I live. You don't think this little bird in the picture is a cuckoo; do you?"

"I do not think it is a cuckoo, my dear," replied the old gentleman; "but you should not be too severe upon this poor bird; no doubt Providence had some good purpose in view, that we cannot understand, in making it the nature of the cuckoo to play such cruel tricks. Perhaps this may be designed to prevent the too rapid increase of smaller birds; but in a country like ours, where every little naughty boy, when twelve or fourteen years old, carries his gun and goes out to shoot sparrows, such a check is not necessary; and although I do not suppose that to be exactly the reason, it is a fact that we have no cuckoos in America. They are common in England, where they do not let little boys carry guns unless their parents own land, for they sell the right to kill little birds there."

"Why then, Uncle," said Emily, "the people in England must be as cruel as cuckoos!"

"They are not more cruel than the Americans, who suffer the boys to kill the poor innocent crea-

tures gratis," returned Uncle Thomas; "but you will find plenty of birds as well as men, in all countries, who are quite as cruel as the cuckoo. Let us take the great bald eagle for example. He is a regular pirate, though we have adopted him as the national emblem, in spite of Dr. Franklin's advice that we should take the wild turkey.

"The bald eagle is a sailor. He seeks his prey at sea; yet, though he feeds on fish, he is no fisherman himself! He does not like to wet his royal feet with salt water, or ruffle his feathers in the spray; so he employs others to fish for him, though he will not pay them any wages. His way of managing is this:—he takes his stand upon the withered limb of some tall pine tree, growing close by the side of the sea; and there he will sit for hours, slowly turning his head from side to side, as his sharp eye sees every speck that floats in the air, or on the water, for many miles around. He watches his servants, the sea-hawks or osprey, wheeling round and round, and waiting for some unfortunate fish to rise nearly to the surface of the water.

"Bye-and-bye, an osprey, perhaps two or three miles at sea, darts down, dives into the water, rises again with a great fish in his claws, and flies off slowly with its load, to feed his young on shore.

"The moment that the eagle sees the plunge of the hawk, his eye flashes fire, the feathers on his neck start up, and his wings are half expanded. When the hawk rises from the water and begins his flight, the eagle gives a spring, and soaring up almost out of sight, darts like an arrow after the poor fisherman.

"It is not long before the osprey knows that he is pursued; and then he struggles for life and little ones, to reach some shelter—screaming as he goes, most piteously—but it is all in vain. The eagle darts so rapidly that in a few moments he is directly over the hawk, and the poor fisherman begins to sink with fright and the weight of his fish. Then is the time for action. The eagle sweeps close over the back of the hawk, gives him, perhaps, a blow with his powerful wing, and utters a shrill scream that may be heard for miles. The unfortunate osprey drops his prey, for fear of being made a

prey himself, and the royal plunderer instantly plunges after the fish, seizes it before it touches the water, and sails leisurely back with it, to his nest on shore, leaving the victim of his robbery to thank his good fortune in so narrow an escape, as he flies home disconsolate to enjoy the luxury of an empty stomach, in the midst of his noisy children, snapping their little beaks and crying for food."

"And now, Uncle," said Emily, after she had thought a long time over these queer stories of the old gentleman; "you have told me about the fisherman; tell me something about the fishes, as you promised to do. Have *they* nests? And do *they* feed their little ones, as the birds and the beasts do?"

So Uncle Thomas began to tell her

ALL ABOUT FISHES.

"As I told you before, Emily, when we met down by the brook-side, as you were riding out with your mother, Providence has given to all

things that live the power of making those that are dependent upon them comfortable and happy. At least, this is true to a great extent. Not only fishes, but even insects and worms have their little social circles, and their modes of taking care of their young, though sometimes these small parents and cousins have curious modes of showing their affection, and it would seem as if there were hard-hearted relations among them, as well as among men and women.

"Let us take the beautiful sun-fish, for instance, that turns up its bright golden side to the sun, as it comes out from under the shadow of a mossy log that has fallen into a deep pool in the fresh water brook. When it is about to lay its eggs, it seeks some patch of clear running water, from six to eighteen inches or more in depth, with a bright gravelly bottom. If it can find such a place hidden among the long grass that waves with the current, it will prefer this additional protection against its enemies. Here it begins to clear away a smooth little circle of ground, perhaps a foot in circumference, carrying out every pebble of inconvenient

size in its mouth and laying it quietly down at a distance from its nest. When everything is arranged to its liking, it deposits its eggs in the sand, and from that moment till the young fish are hatched, it never leaves the spot, even in search of food. You may bait your hook with the most tempting morsel that ever fish laid eyes on, and drop it ever so gently right before its nose, but it will not bite. If you cast a small pebble into the magic circle, it quietly picks it up, and drops it just outside the ring. If another fish, or any enemy approach, it makes furious battle against every odds: and there, by day and by night, it rests motionless, floating two or three inches above the bottom, or slowly turning its head in every direction, and watching for the slightest appearance of danger, seeming as if she were calmly thinking of the time when a host of little fishes would wriggle upward from the smooth sand, to call it mother!"

"And what does she do with them when they do come up? Does she hug them and kiss them, and make much of them?" said Emily.

"I really cannot say how a sun-fish behaves to-

wards its little ones," replied the old gentleman, "but there are some other fish that love their young so much that they are very apt to eat them up!"

"Out of kindness, Uncle?"

"I can't exactly say, my child, *whether it be from kindness or not*, but *this is certain*:—If you should frequently walk by the side of shallow ditches communicating with ponds or milldams, where the bottom is muddy, but the water clear, you may chance to see the female cat-fish, followed by her brood of one or two hundred young, slowly wandering about, like a hen with her chickens, keeping close to the mud, and smelling every here and there to see if she can find any food fit for the children, who are, none of them, larger than a kidney bean. Every now and then she turns up the mud a little *with her great broad lips, or with her fins or tail, just as a hen scratches the ground in the garden;* and then she travels on very slowly, to let the young ones pick up any very small worms or other eatable matter that may be brought within reach by her industry.

"Now, these *small-fry* seem very much afraid of their kind and attentive mother, as they cluster close

around her; so, they take very good care not to come farther forward than the middle of her body. Even when they venture as far as that, they cling close to her side, and try never to come near her mouth, or within range of her eye."

"Why, what are they afraid of?" inquired Emily.

"I will tell you, my dear," returned Uncle Thomas; "whenever she turns round, *which she does every once in a while*, as if to see how they are getting along, they scatter, and run for life, *like a flock of sheep, when a dog gets in among them;* for, if any of them happen to be near enough to be caught without too much trouble, she just opens her wide mouth, makes a whisk with her tail, gives a sudden spring—and down they go!"

"What! Down her throat, Uncle Thomas?"

"Even so, my child? *Is she not an affectionate mother?*"

"But, Uncle," said Emily, after thinking a moment, "I remember to have read *in the picture book you gave me last year, that has so many of your own stories in it*, how snakes swallow their little ones to keep them from harm, and let them run out of

their mouths again, when all is safe. Maybe the catfish does so too."

"No, my child," he answered; "it is but too true that the old lady digests her dinner without hesitation, *thinking, no doubt, that there are plenty left, as she has, generally, so large a family.*

"And now, Emily, I could go on for a month, and tell you a thousand stories about how some little fishes fight like so many American volunteers, (*and nothing in nature can fight more furiously*), although they have neither teeth nor sharp fins to fight with —killing each other by pushing their noses against each other's gills, and stopping each other from breathing. And I could tell how some are kind to each other, and defend each other against all enemies. Then I could tell you of the sea-lawyer's clerk—the pilot-fish—how he noses any prey that his master may meet, and takes a little bite out of every fee that the shark puts into his locker. And I could tell of the sea politician—the sucker-fish—that fastens himself on the back of any great personage in the blue water, *who carries a large fin and a magnificent tail*, and lives by preying upon the

common people down below—how this lazy wretch allows himself to be dragged along by his superior, week after week, and feeds upon the crumbs that are washed into his open mouth by the water, *while the great one is feeding upon the fat of—no, not the land, but the ocean!*

"So you see that *all living things have pretty much our own habits*, and man is not much better or worse than his neighbours, after all. But now it is high time for me to go; for I must be in town before night. Make my respects to your mother, and—good bye till next Christmas!"

Up jumped Uncle Thomas, and away he went like a boy in his teens, shutting the door behind him, because he knew, if he stayed, that Emily would ask for more stories.

Emily stood looking after him, not knowing what to make of it, and Dash, after standing a whole minute with his nose and tail stretched straight out, uttered his astonishment in his favourite monosyllable—*wough!*

THE END.